

The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY



JANUARY, 1925

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Vol. VII, No. 1

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A NEWSPAPER
WORTHY OF THE NAME

The Chicago Defender

WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY

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BINGA State Bank

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EXTERIOR OF BANK

THE BINGA STATE BANK is the result of the life-long aspiration of Jesse Binga for both his people and his nation. It was founded by him in 1908, as a private institution, and during the time real estate was booming as an important factor in the economic life of that part of the South Side.

For twelve years the Binga Bank, as a private institution, was a vigorous fighter for the economic welfare of its community. As a private bank it withstood all the onslaughts agitation wages upon the integrity of private banking. The capitalizing into a State Bank showed how well the Binga Bank fared and achieved during those years.

In 1920 Mr. Binga decided the time was ripe for a bank under State supervision. The community was enjoying unwonted prosperity and its different branches of business demanded a safe and sound and sympathetic clearing house. With scarcely any effort Mr. Binga secured the formation of the Corporation and the sale of its stock subscription and its charter, and very quietly opened for business on January 3, 1921.

As a State Bank its success has been phenomenal. Its original capitalization was \$100,000.00 and surplus of \$20,000.00. Within less than three years it increased its capitalization to \$200,000.00 and surplus to \$35,000.00. According to its latest statement, dated October 10, 1924, it had \$1,153,450.59 in deposits—compared to September 30, 1921, when it had only \$298,957.54 in deposits.

In 1922 the Binga State Bank became an affiliated member of the Chicago Clearing House and until this day is the only bank in its community that enjoys such a distinction. The Chicago Clearing House is very strict in its regulations, and during the Binga State Bank's membership has had nothing but praise and approval of that institution.

The effect the Binga State Bank has on its community is to be seen in the phenomenal commercial growth of the community during

the Binga State Bank's leadership. Since the date of the opening of the Binga State Bank, insurance companies, groceries, bakeries, taxicab companies and numerous other industries have been established in the community and \$30,000,000.00 worth of real estate has been stabilized by the loans made through the Binga State Bank.

The number of stockholders is 202 and the value of the stock has increased from \$120.00 to more than \$165.00 per share. There are eighteen employes, all of whom are specially trained for the positions accorded them.

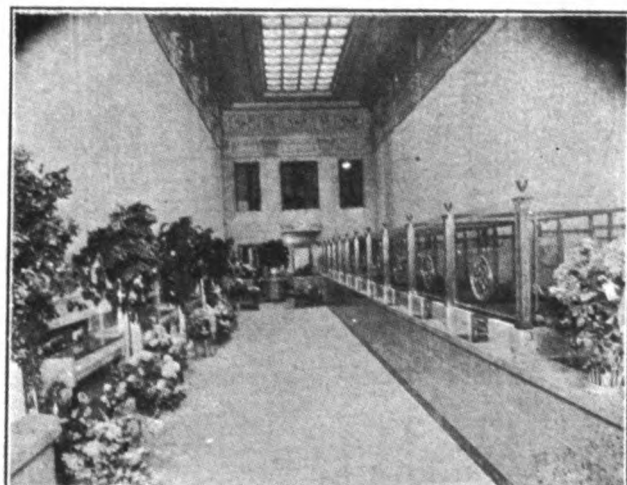
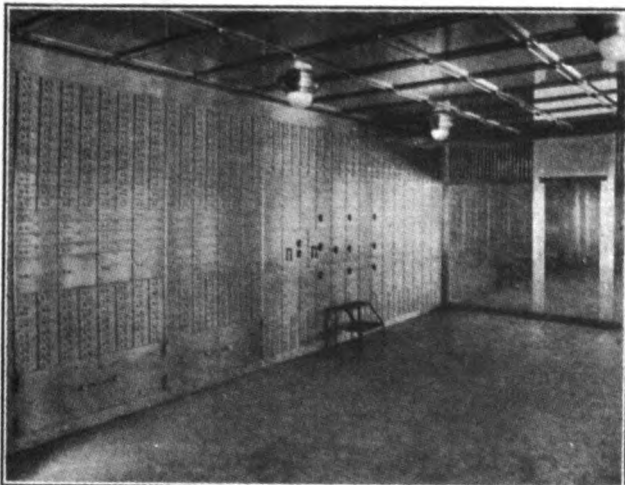
The policy of the bank is to be perceived in a message Mr. Binga, the President, sent the Illinois Bankers' Association when it was in convention during the summer of 1922. "We cannot succeed if we ignore even the smallest fraction of the nation, if it has resources for the nation.

That statement received widespread favorable comment and lifted the Binga State Bank into the position of a spokesman of a people, and especially its economic spokesman.

And now the Binga State Bank has left its original headquarters to occupy an entire building erected for its own use. It is a magnificent building and adequately equipped for every banking purpose.

It is located on State Street at Thirty-fifth, the center of a community that is like a city in its activity. There is no branch of endeavor that cannot be found there—theaters, newspapers, insurance companies, real estate brokerages, hotels, printing companies, and other enterprises of a large nature. There is also an abundance of retail business and a population that is rapidly growing each day and which can boast of unequalled transportation facilities.

The building is of Ionic architecture and very suggestive of an ancient Greek Temple. The stone is of a special durable and expensive type and is the assurance on the part of the Bank's Board of Directors that it intends this institution to remain in this community permanently.



INTERIOR OF BANK: LEFT, SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS; RIGHT, BANKING ROOMS

NEW BUILDING OPENED OCTOBER 20, 1924. \$3,000 WORTH OF FLOWERS PRESENTED BY FRIENDS AND WELL-WISHERS. BUSINESS INCREASE IN DEPOSITS FIRST WEEK: \$60,000; FIRST THREE WEEKS: \$125,000. VISITORS TO BANK IN OPENING WEEK: 50,000

WHEN

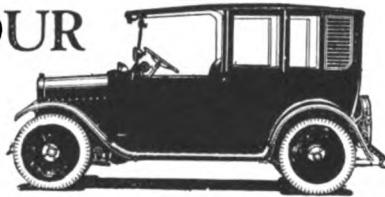
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YOU NEED
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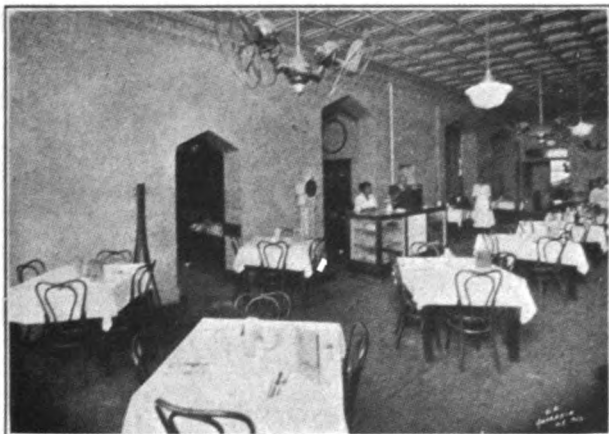
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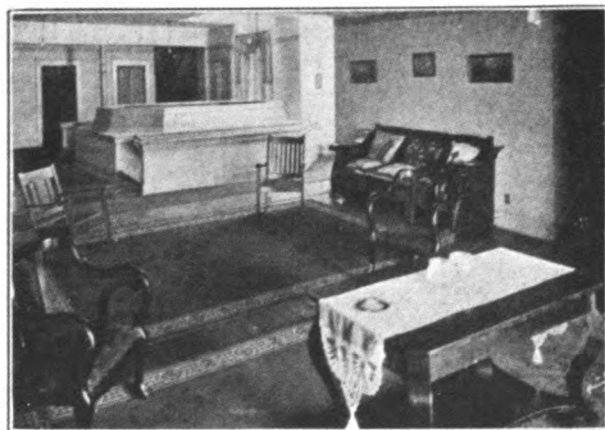
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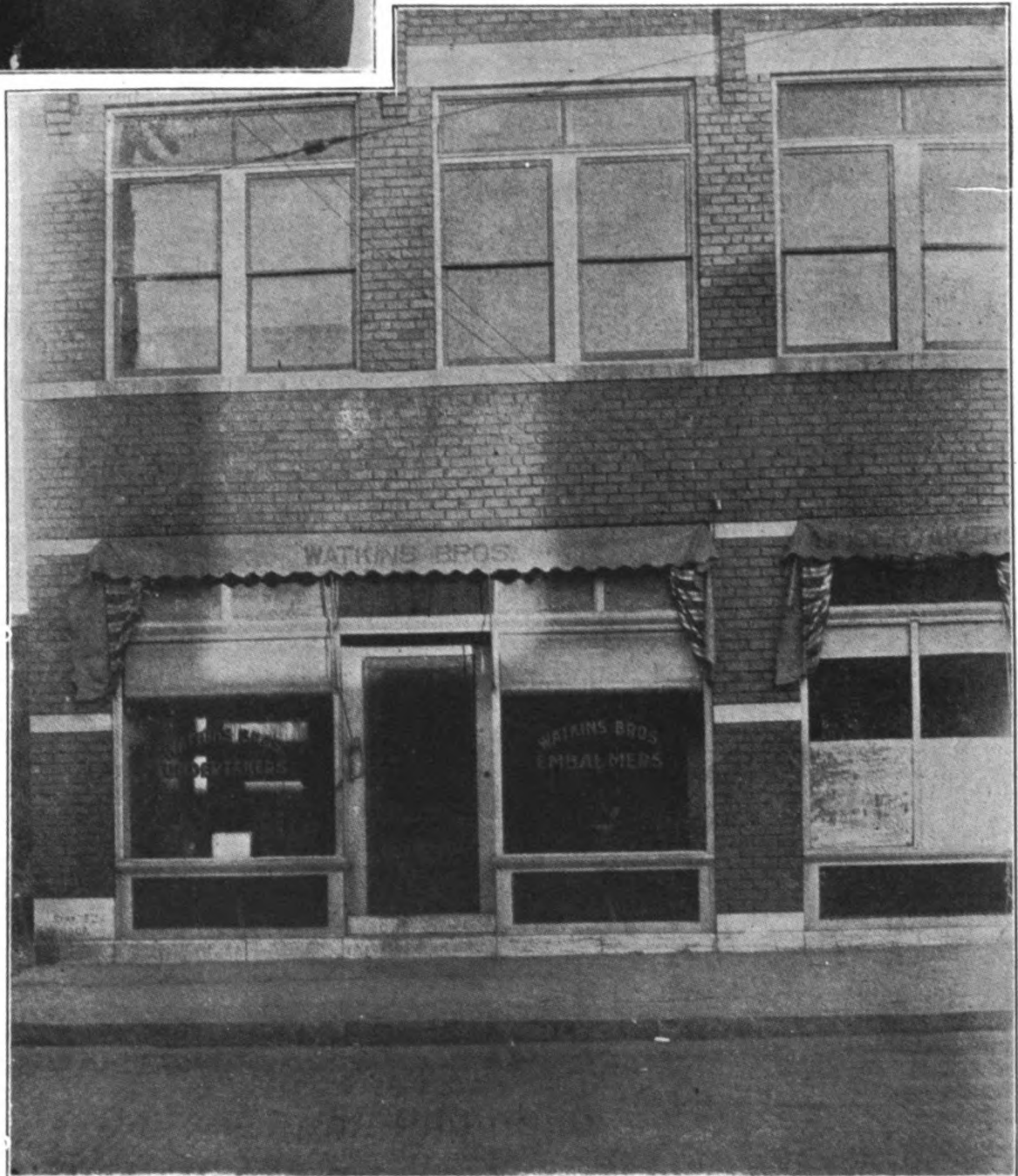
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KANSAS CITY
MISSOURI

Efficient Service—
Courteous Attention
—Reasonable Prices
—Always Open

COME WHEN CALLED



T. B. WATKINS
of
Watkins Bros. Undertaking Co.
Leading Morticians
of
KANSAS CITY, MO.



LINCOLN SAVED THE UNION

LINCOLN saved the Union; he destroyed property in Negro slaves and made it possible for the freed men to acquire and hold property. Today, race men have accumulated more than a billion dollars worth of property. This property needs protection from loss, but in most sections where colored people dwell white fire insurance companies will not give adequate protection to their property in case of loss by fire.

Everybody with sense (cents) of property values carries fire insurance today. Fire insurance is carried by men who don't carry life insurance—probably on the theory that to lose one's hard earned or inherited accumulations is to wipe out the bulk of what makes life worth while.

This explains, too, why fire insurance companies have earned such immense returns upon their capital invested.

Some Facts

In one of his reports to the Governor of the State, a former Superintendent of Insurance of Illinois said:

"The truth is that there is no other business of similar magnitude in the United States which enjoys such enormous profits as the fire insurance business. Certain individual instances further emphasize this fact. The profit in 1913 of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company was the enormous figure of 119.3 per cent; of the Continental, 92.7 per cent; of the German American, 86.7 per cent; of the American, 67.6 per cent; of the Boston, 54.5 per cent; of the Buffalo German, 72.7 per cent."

Moreover, it is practically impossible to buy any fire insurance stock today. Within three months, more than three-fourths of our stock has been sold, and soon it will be impossible to get a share in the Lincoln Union Fire Insurance Company.

A Big Field to Be Covered

Our charter permits us to make insurance on dwelling houses, all kinds of buildings, upon household furniture and other property against loss or damage by fire, lightning and tornado, or any of the risks of inland navigation and transportation. We also have the right to insure vessels, boats, cargo, goods, merchandise, freight and other property against loss and damage, or by any other risk of ocean, lake, river, canal and inland navigation and transportation.

Further, we are authorized to insure automobiles or other motor vehicles against any of the risks of fire, lightning, etc.

The Lincoln Union Fire Insurance Company offers an opportunity to share in the profits of an old line fire insurance company, such as has been existing in various parts of our country for centuries.

The opportunity for a fire insurance company owned and operated by the Race is indeed great.

This company is officered by experienced fire insurance men. This company has been organized and its stock now offered for sale, because we know: (1) That the demand for fire insurance far exceeds the supply; (2) that profits are truly enormous; (3) the State of Illinois has strict supervision over all insurance companies and regulates the manner of investing both the capital and the surplus of insurance companies. And last, but not least, we believe that every individual is entitled to the full earning power of his money, regardless of the amount of money that he has.

If, out of wise judgment and necessity, we spend thousands of dollars yearly for fire insurance to protect our material accumulations of a lifetime, why not do as others have done and reap the benefits to be accrued from the operation of this safe, lucrative business?

LINCOLN UNION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



Authorized Capital

\$100,000.00

4,000 Shares at \$50.00

per Share

CHICAGO

3510 INDIANA AVENUE

NOT ENOUGH AMERICAN COMPANIES TO MEET THE DEMAND
BUSINESS AVAILABLE AS SOON AS ORGANIZATION IS COMPLETED



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Secretary and Director
Columbia University, New York;
Specialist in Finance and Insurance



CARL G. ROBERTS, B. S. M. D.
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Physician and Surgeon, Chicago General
and Provident Hospitals; Director
Berkus Corporation, Commandant
of American Red Cross



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Second Vice President and Director
Editor and Owner of The Chicago
Defender



HARVEY A. WATKINS
Treasurer and Director
President of H. A. Watkins Real
Estate Company; Real Estate and
Fire Insurance; Capitalist
Member of Chicago Board
of Fire Underwriters

OFFICERS and DIRECTORS



RICHARD A. WILLIAMS, B. S. M. D.
President and Director
President of Royal Circle of Friends of
The World; Real Estate and Fire
Insurance; Capitalist

LINCOLN UNION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

CHICAGO



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Association for the
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Royal Gynecological Society
of Great Britain



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First Vice President, Year Club
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Member of Illinois State Senate;
President Pyramid Building and
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Insurance Company and Year
Club Company; Asst.
Corporation Counsel of
City of Chicago



A. W. MERCER, M. D.
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Physician and Surgeon; Real
Estate; Capitalist



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President Johnson & Son Real
Estate Company; Real Estate
and Fire Insurance; Capitalist;
Member of Chicago Board
of Fire Underwriters

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The Prudential Bank

SAVINGS AND COMMERCIAL ACCOUNTS
717 FLORIDA AVENUE, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.



OFFICE OF
THE SECRETARY-TREASURER

HOWARD UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED BY GENERAL D. O. HOWARD

J. STANLEY DENKER, A. M., PH.D., D.D.
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY

BERNARD A. BOOTH, A. M., LL. D.
BUSINESS MANAGER

December Sixth
1924

December
3rd
1924

Mr. Chandler Owens, Manager
The Messenger Magazine,
2311 7th Avenue
New York City N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I wish to express our appreciation for the advertising quality of your magazine. It has pleased us to do some advertising with you from which we have received actual results.

A magazine such as The Messenger circulating as it does all over the country is found to be an ideal medium for any business concern, which has something to sell of a National scope.

May the success of the magazine continue.

Cordially yours,
THE PRUDENTIAL BANK

C.W. Banton, Vice President

OWB/ME

THIS IS TO SAY THAT

The Howard University regularly uses the advertising columns of the Messenger Magazine represented by Mr. Chandler Owen, one of the Editors and Managers. The returns from our advertising have been altogether satisfactory and I am therefore, earnestly recommending the columns of the Messenger to such outstanding business firms as may be extending their advertising patronage.

The Messenger, during the past two years has extended its circulation tremendously and advertisers generally, I am sure, will wish to share with the publishers in the splendid success they are achieving.

Yours truly,

Secretary-Treasurer

KEB

JESSE BINGA, PRESIDENT

JOHN R. MARSHALL, VICE PRESIDENT

C. N. LANGSTON, CASHIER

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$120,000.00

Binga State Bank

ESTABLISHED 1892
INCORPORATED A STATE BANK 1920
20 EAST COR. STATE & 36TH PLAC
Chicago

May 22, 1924.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. Chandler Owen, Editor of the Messenger Magazine, is a public spirited young man, intensely interested in his race and one I have met and one I know to the extent of admiring him for his integrity. It would please me if you would know him and appreciate him for his character.

Yours very sincerely,

B/C

The Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Co.
240 NORTH WEST STREET
Indianapolis, Indiana

May 15, 1924.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I take special pleasure in stating that I have known Messrs. Randolph and Owen, Publishers of the Messenger Magazine, for eight years and the quality that I most admired in these young men was the fact that they never indulged in extravagant statements with reference to the future and growth of their Magazine. In other words, I have found them very conservative and modest in their representations and I do not hesitate in saying that anyone may safely rely on any statement or statements made by these two young men.

Both Randolph and Owen are known throughout the country as forceful speakers and writers, independent in their thinking and courageous in their utterances. I regard them as valuable assets to the Race and representative of the best we have among us. I, therefore, heartily recommend the Messenger as an advertising medium for any business concern desiring to reach Negro trade. The Messenger is in a class to itself and I predict for it a still greater future in this country.

Respectfully,

FBR/CS

THE ROBERT B. ABBOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY (INC.)

PUBLISHERS
THE
Chicago Defender
ESTABLISHED 1905
3436 INDIANA AVENUE CHICAGO
"Accurate for 18 Years"

OFFICE OF
PHIL A. JONES
GENERAL MANAGER

November 24, 1924.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have personally known Mr. Chandler Owen, Editor of the Messenger Magazine, New York City, for the past seven years.

He is a man of unusual intelligence, honest, trustworthy, and one of the foremost writers of today.

The Chicago Defender has, at various times, used the columns of his publication for advertising purposes, and the results obtained therefrom, have been very gratifying.

I heartily recommend the "Messenger" as an advertising medium for any and all business concerns desiring to come in contact with the trade necessary for cooperation and results. To my mind, it is the most widely circulated race monthly magazine published.

Very truly yours,

Phil Jones
Phil Jones
General Manager,

BROWN & STEVENS
BANKERS

200 BROWN
A. F. STEVENS

437 SOUTH BROAD STREET
PHILADELPHIA

DEPOSITS ACCEPTED
SUBJECT TO CHECKS

December 4, 1924.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It affords me great pleasure to introduce the Bearer, Mr. Chandler Owen, of New York City, Editor of the "Messenger"

I have known Mr. Owen for a number of years, and know him to be a young man who possesses sterling qualities. He is honorable in every sense of the word. His intellectual attainments are enviable, for to my mind, he is one of the best informed men in our race today.

The "Messenger", a monthly magazine, dealing with Negro views and Negro development, published by Messrs. Randolph & Owen, is fast working its way to the front, and with the steady, rapid progress it is making, will soon be, if such is not already the case, rivalling in circulation many of the white monthlies of similar nature.

We have just signed a contract with Mr. Owen for a full page ad. for our firm, Brown & Stevens, Bankers, which we will carry for twelve months.

Other prominent concerns carrying advertisements of corresponding magnitude, or perhaps covering more space than we have chosen, are:

The Standard Life Insurance Co. of Atlanta, Ga.
The Lm. C. J. Walker Mfg. Co.
The National Benefit Life Insurance Co.

I heartily recommend the "Messenger" as an advertising medium for any staple, Negro business desiring more business through one of the best and most widely circulated Negro Monthlies THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Respectfully,
E. C. Brown
E. C. Brown.

ECB/EG



THE NATIONAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CAPITAL \$ 250,000
RESERVE \$ 650,000

WASHINGTON, D.C.

GENERAL OFFICES
609 F STREET, NORTHWEST

BRAND OFFICE: 561 N. 50th STREET & 717 N. 44th STREET

MEMBER OF PHILADELPHIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WALTER CASSELLE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR & ANATOMICAL EMBALMER

MAIN OFFICE: 1000 N. 10th STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PHILA. PA.

December 6th -24

To Whom it may concern:

I am inclined to believe my numerous ads in The Messenger have done me more good than any other advertising medium I have used in 20 years.

The publishers, Mr Chandler Owen, and Mr. A. Philip Randolph are of sterling qualities, the sort of manhood the race is urgently in need of to elevate and uplift the coming generation.

Yours very truly,

Walter Casselle Sr.

Mr. Chandler Owen,
Co-Editor The Messenger,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Owen:

These lines are in appreciation of the services you have both personally and through your magazine rendered this company.

We have used your advertising columns with excellent results and for this very good reason, if for no other, plan to continue to use them.

It is our opinion that there is a very excellent basis for this success, which we stress.

Your magazine touches a high point in present day Negro cultural life and argues a condition of future growth which in itself presages success.

We believe that the magazine is indicative with the best things which the future holds for our race, and we have not the slightest doubt that this condition is due in no small degree to the force of your own character and integrity.

With highest personal esteem, we are



RHR:EMG

R. H. Rutherford
R. H. Rutherford,
President, Treas.

SAME OLD BLUES

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

When Benjamin Brawley says the Theatre is a field "peculiarly adapted to the ability of the Negro race," he doubtless expresses the prevailing opinion of Afro-American savants and simpletons. If their talk is sincere plenty of white folks hold the same view. Mr. Brawley still has the bulk of opinion on his side when he concludes that "*enough has been done* so far to show that both Negro effort in the classic drama and the serious portrayal of Negro life on the stage are worthy of respectful consideration." The italics are mine.

Perhaps Mr. Brawley is right; however, I propose to conduct an inquiry into just what has been done. As first witness for the prosecution I call to the stand Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. In "The Gift of Black Folk," Dr. Du Bois says Ira Aldridge, who died in 1867, "had practically no successor until Charles Gilpin triumphed in 'The Emperor Jones' during the season 1920-21." It turns out then that the race possessing special talents for the theatre gave the theatre just two first rate actors in fifty-three years.

Now marked ability for success in an art is almost always found in association with avidity for its practice and observation. Example: Negroes unquestionably excel in the popular art of dancing, and they not only seize every opportunity to indulge in social dancing, but great swarms of them are eager to do it professionally, and a great many make a living at it. Negro theatre audiences seem never to tire of fast hoofing. It seems to me the Negro's aptitude for the stricter theatre arts, so generally taken for granted, ought to manifest itself in a similar urge for expression. In which case we would find in most of the urban black belts groups of professional and amateur actors more or less continuously presenting some form of the drama before appreciative if not discriminating audiences. Then there would be some foundation for the assertion that the theatre is a field "peculiarly adapted to the ability of the Negro race."

Let us hear from J. A. Jackson what the facts are. From statistics prepared by Mr. Jackson for the *Negro Year Book*, 1921-22, I learn that there was at that time not a single theatre in the United States solely devoted to the production of serious drama by or for Afro-Americans. Three theatres, "The Attucks," Norfolk; "The Dunbar," Philadelphia, and "The Lafayette," Harlem, were presenting a serious drama now and then, but most of the time they were given over to vaudeville and motion pictures. Translated into economic terms, there is not enough money in the Negro's craving and genius for the legitimate theatre arts to make it profitable to devote three stages exclusively to their satisfaction and expression.

Quite as damaging to his own theory is Mr. Brawley's chapter on the Stage in his *Negro in Literature and Art*. Mr. Brawley covers the whole field of the race's contribution to the American theatre in less than seven pages, and quite half the content of the chapter is devoted to movements inspired by white folks and the kudos of white writers. In his *Gift of Black Folk*, Dr. Du Bois begins to tell of the black folks' gift to the theatre on page 309. On page 312 he concludes all he has to say and passes on to painting. Like Mr. Brawley, he uses a great deal of filler from Caucasian pens. Thus, either conned historically,

or observed from the point of view of contemporary importance, the Negro's concrete contribution to the Theatre provides an extremely flimsy support for the presumption of his peculiar fitness for distinction on the stage.

The causes of the anaemic condition of the Negro Theatre (a term of convenience) can be readily disclosed by a brief examination of its philosophy. Not that anybody has ever formulated a definite set of principles for its guidance and interpretation. But a fairly coherent unwritten code of attitude and action has been expressed by its development as well as by its apologists.

The first postulate of this philosophy is admirably, if unconsciously, implied in this quotation from *The Gift of Black Folk*. "Charles Gilpin," says the author, " * * * got his first chance on the legitimate stage by playing the part of Curtis in Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln.' The important point here is not the misstatement of fact but the author's attitude of mind. He implies, unconsciously I hope, that the legitimate stage is synonymous with the white stage, a presumption the white theatre has never claimed for itself. The term "legitimate stage," as employed by white writers, means the stage devoted to the serious portrayal of character (note, I do not say the portrayal of serious characters), barring, perhaps, the work of stock companies. When Gilpin appeared in "The Old Man's Boy"—this was before the organization of the stock company which later became the Lafayette players—he was playing in legitimate drama. The play was shoddy and short-lived, of course; but so are dozens of plays that open up on Broadway each season. Certainly Dr. Du Bois would not deny a play by a white author a place on the legitimate stage merely because it had a run of only three nights. Still, in the mind of this foremost Negro scholar, a Negro actor has not played a legitimate role unless he has played it on Broadway.

And this attitude has been assumed by practically the whole body of Negroes with theatrical aspirations. The goal to be won was a chance to play on Broadway. One way to get on Broadway, apparently the easiest way, was to excel in the things being done on Broadway. This the Negro Theatre set itself to do. Hence that most useful factotum who has appeared early in the history of almost every other group or national theater, the actor-dramatist, striving to express the group character and problems esthetically, has never been evolved by the Negro Theatre. In his stead the Negro Theatre has produced the actor-showsmith who sought his material, not in Negro life, but on the "Caucasian stage."

Now let us briefly examine the Negro showsmith's major reference work, the American stage. In 1822, says William Winter, Edwin Forest acted a part which had never before been presented on any stage, that of an American Negro. The play, of course, was a farce. Shortly after this, according to Arthur Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America," "The entertaining abilities of the despised slave were recognized and the white actor began to realize he could *make money by imitating the black man.*" My italics. It is said that Thomas D. Rice, regarded as the founder and father of "Ethiopian" minstrelsy, probably drew more money to the treasury of the

Bowery Theatre than any other American performer of his times. There you have it. White actors making a vogue of presenting Negro imbecilities in a way that appealed to the inferiority complexes of their audiences. For you can rest assured that the crowds who were regaled by the antics of Jim Crow consisted of the fathers and mothers of the hordes who now flock to gape at "White Cargo" while "Roseanne" gathers dust on the shelves of the book shops.

It was to this vogue that the builders of colored musical comedies and revues went to school. The basis of these shows is their humor. And this humor, you will find by running through the entire gamut of them, is the bastard offspring of Lew Dockstader out of a cracker shoe drummer's joke about a coon chicken thief. What genuine Negro humor these shows contain creeps in furtively and remains unemphasized, as if in fear of being ruled out altogether, while such bogus stuff as showing a darky scared to death of something becomes an obligatory scene.

Perhaps the reason why the Negro Theatre has practically no body of even mediocre drama is because the white American Theatre, which the Aframerican actor-writer so sedulously imitates, has not provided it with a sufficient number of working models, either in the form of plays or characters. Until very recently, the only type of colored character presented on the white stage in serious drama was old Uncle Zeke with a misery in his kidney. Now while a scary black man and a feeder are all the framework you need for a musical comedy, Uncle Zeke, on account of that pain in his back, is not able to hold up the weight of a drama, or even a farce, by himself. As the Negro Pineros never thought of going direct to life for characters, there was nothing for the higher type of colored actor to do but run an elevator while waiting for some white playwright to bring out a play with a darky butler in it. Either that, or, like Ira Aldridge, go abroad and try his hand at Shakespeare.

One group of Negro actors, the Lafayette Players, solved the problem presented by a paucity of Aframerican drama in another fashion. They organized a stock company and began to present cast-off Broadway melodramas. This company has held together about ten years now, during which time they have developed or helped to develop a number of highly competent actors and at least one first rate actor, Charles Gilpin. For that they deserve credit. Still, one is inclined to censure them for not doing something to encourage Negro drama. Couldn't they, for example, afford to pay F. H. Wilson twenty dollars a week on the condition that he write two plays a year for them? Couldn't they encourage some member of their own company to do it, if they want to keep the money in the organization? Or do they really think "The Wicked House of David" is worthy of their talents?

These suggestions, I believe, are an adequate answer to such wails as this by Mr. Brawley: "In no other field has the Negro with artistic aspirations found the road so hard as in that of the classic drama." Instead of crying for white folks to give them a chance on the "legitimate" stage, let Negroes turn their attention to producing Negro drama for Negro audiences. Is it a matter of money? Well, here is a feasible plan to meet that difficulty. Let the five most civilized churches in New York, after they have sent their pastors to Europe, contribute a hundred dollars each a month to the support of a company of

players headed by Paul Robeson or Charles Gilpin, and make the endowment conditional on every fourth play presented by the company being the work of a Negro playwright. Downing, Wilson, and Dora Cole have manuscripts which could be used to start off with. If this scheme, or some similar scheme, cannot be made to work in the intellectual capital of black America, then the increasing swarms of college educated preachers, school teachers, doctors and university alumni are really coal heavers in culture, without a sufficient esthetic urge to create and sustain a racial theatre. If the thing succeeds, then the presumption of the Negro's aptitude for the theatre arts, which is now an article of faith, will begin to bear some resemblance to a fact.

Again glancing backward over the history of the Negro theatre in America, one is astonished by the almost total absence of indigenous little theatre movements. Practically every one of these movements worth being taken seriously has been inspired by white people. The most vigorous, as well as the most ambitious of these attempts to found a real Negro theatre, is the present effort being made by Mrs. Ann Wolter and her associates. Mrs. Wolter seems to be the type of woman not easily discouraged and her work appears to have in it some of the qualities that make for permanency.

Mrs. Wolter's predecessors in this field, I suspect, were rather credulous souls who were taken in by the extravagant claims of Negro propagandists. None of them seemed to be partial to hard work. They quickly grew weary and laid down the burden, and when they did, the movements they inspired languished and waned moribund. The principal result of the movement fostered by Mrs. Hapgood in 1917, and in the more recent movement started by Mr. Raymond O'Neil, was to bring to light a number of talented actors, in the persons of Opal Cooper, Blanche Deas, Sidney Kirkpatrick, Laura Bowman, Evelyn Preer and Edna Thomas. Mr. O'Neil also unearthed a farce which is the best piece of dramatic writing I have known to come from a Negro pen. It is on the accomplishments of these movements, and on the careers of such men as Aldridge and Gilpin that Negro orators and writers base their claims of racial aptitude for the stage. I fail to see the point. Accord-

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ANNE WOLTER

SHOWFOLKS MORE THAN MERE ENTERTAINERS

THE PERFORMERS AND THEIR PATRONS COGS IN THE WHEEL OF RACE RELATIONS

Economic and Social Assets to the Race

By JAMES A. JACKSON

Staff Editor of THE BILLBOARD

Few among us have given thought to the artist, performer, musician and their associate purveyors of amusement, in terms other than just entertainment. It is not generally recognized that save for the Press of the race that they are perhaps our pioneers into the realm of public esteem and our greatest advocates in the court of race relations. Nor have we always thought of them as being of tremendous worth in our economic struggle as a race group. The gross annual income of the showfolks may only be guessed at. It is safe to state, however, it amounts to millions with high first numerals when the aggregate of salaries and theatrical royalties is regarded. A single song number has often yielded a comparative fortune.

As creators or promoters of public opinion to which we must all be responsive, the humble plantation show dancer, the famed concert artist whose appearances are under high society auspices; and the many gradations of professional activity between these extremes; exercise an influence upon some part of the great American public that is not possible to many of us. This is because they are in contact with so many people at a time when their subjects are in a tolerant and non-resistant mood that is only prevalent when humanity is being entertained.

While the effect of these indirect influences cannot always be traced, and many of the accomplishments of this sort do not become known, yet such results come to light often enough to warrant according the show people of credit for a surprising volume of good missionary work, either for good or bad. Be it said to their credit that there is vastly more good than bad.

It is a question as to which is the older profession, that of the pulpit or that of the stage. Both go back to antiquity; and both serve humanity. Our own Bible quite casually gives mention to the theatre in the book of Corinthians, in a manner that indicates that the public of that day was fully familiar with the structure. Ancient history is filled with references to the play, the circus, the pageant and the chorus albeit the meaning of those terms have undergone slight alterations in meaning as times have changed. The influences of these activities are indelibly written into the chronicles of civilization. Theatrical traditions are about all that is left of the glories of some of the peoples and governments that have passed from existence to tradition.

Our interest naturally centres, more or less, upon the artists of our own race group. There yet may be those who question the good that may come from a profession that has been once proscribed by the religionists of a day that is gone. They have not always been esteemed as richly as they deserved; but they have given their mite to the general advance of their people nevertheless.

To trace briefly from the past, it may be stated that Ira Aldridge, an actor, was largely responsible for the favorable reception that has been accorded Ameri-

can Negroes in England. He arrested attention and established a vogue from which many followers have benefited. The Bohee Brothers' acceptance by Royalty more firmly established us across the pond.

We might recall to mind that a minstrel troupe recruited in Macon, Georgia, by Gus Frohman and his brothers toured the country before the Civil War and laid the foundation of the fortunes that made these theatrical magnates of consequence. More to the point with us is the fact that this same indentured troupe of humble, ignorant, but talented slaves contributed much toward crystallizing the anti-slavery sentiment that had been aroused by Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

And none will gainsay the valuable contribution toward the freedom of the Negro that the theatrical presentation of that classic itself accomplished. It was presented in every hamlet in the land.

Virtually all of us have heard of the Fisk Jubilee Singers. How many have seen the buildings that have been erected with funds that their vocal talent earned? In Nashville one may see the testimony of their platform work in an Institution that has contributed much to the culture of our people and the development of physicians, pedagogues, etc., for us.

A year or so since, a famous comedian passed into the great beyond. The final tribute to his memory is responsible for an agitation within the councils of a world-wide secret fraternity that has resulted in a degree of racial co-operation and brotherhood that had previously been disregarded in both letter and spirit.

With mechanical record and roll sales girdling the globe, bearing the voices of Negro singers; and the songs of our people being broadcasted by radio to remote corners of the world, who can say just what influence for good or evil may rest with the heavily advertised "Blues" singers who literally have the public ear. They have the collective minds of a great public focused upon them.

It is easy to conceive the interest that a Roland Hayes may attract to himself, and indirectly to his people, for any consideration of him includes his people. Charles S. Gilpin and Paul Robeson have been creators of much discussion of us all in quarters where we could not plead our own cause. Still other folks have become at times interested in us as a whole through the medium of Rosamond Johnson, Miller and Lyles, Sissle and Blake and organized units, such as the Clef Club of New York, Desdunes concert band of Omaha, or the prototypes of these groups in other communities. Our circus bands have given rise to much smalltown speculation about the Negro.

However high or low the intelligence of an audience may be, its members will consciously or subconsciously take with them an impression that may bode good or evil to us; whether they go from concert hall, theater, tent or fair grounds.

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COMMENTS ON THE NEGRO ACTOR

OTTO H. KAHN, EUGENE O'NEILL, ALAN DALE, and H. W. L. DANA

A. Philip Randolph Interviews the Noted Banker and Art Patron

While in a delightful and stimulating conversation with Mr. Otto H. Kahn, international banker and distinguished collector and critic of art, in his office at Kuhn, Loeb & Co., I gleaned that he possessed certain well-defined and illuminating views on the Negro actor.

Upon my suggesting the subject to him with a view to securing his co-operation by way of an article for the Negro Theatrical Artists' Number, he, his face a picture of active interest and thoughtful meditation, observed:

"I am sorry, but I cannot write anything for you, as I have long made it an invariable rule to decline all invitations to write for any one newspaper or magazine." Mr. Kahn, in the manner of Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, is in the habit of giving his views on art and other subjects more often in speech than in writing. "But," he continued, "I have a great interest in the Negro on the stage as well as in music. I believe that he is capable of making original and creative contribution to American art. His emotional powers are largely unexpressed and unspent as yet, resembling in this respect some of the Slavic races. Denied for many generations freedom and opportunity, his emotional and artistic powers have remained stored up and accumulated within him.

"In their dancing and song, the Negroes are the very embodiment of rhythm. They are natural born musicians; beautiful voices abound among them; they have a rare vein of melody; their talent for acting is remarkable. The current of their artistic instincts and capacities flows spontaneous, fresh, smooth and strong. Their artistic manifestations when given scope and permitted to run free, are characterized by a sweep, a zest, a swing, a genuineness, which are as refreshing as they are captivating. Their artistic expressions, when unadulterated, whether of pathos or of joy, have a quality which eloquently speaks and faithfully portrays the soul of a race.

"All the more," regarding me with the composite gaze of the critical esthete and the analytical intellectual, "all the more do I regret the tendency of Negro art to permit itself to be 'Broadwayized.' In far too many of the things in which he has presented himself to the public, especially of late, the Negro artist has become simply an imitation of second-rate white standards. The injunction, 'To thine own self be true,' holds good as much in art as in life. If the rich artistic talent of your race is to become fruitful to itself and to American art, it must, above all things, remain itself, it must respect itself, be conscious of itself, uphold its dignity and guard its characteristics."

Eugene O'Neill on the Negro Actor

Opinions of America's Greatest Playwright

Brook Farm,
Ridgefield, Conn.
Nov. 21, 1924.

MY DEAR MR. RANDOLPH:

Please excuse this tardy reply to your kind letter. I have been busy "moving" to Bermuda, for which place I sail next week.

I honestly haven't the time to do as you request at this time, willing though I am in spirit. I'm not much at writing articles anyway—make it a practice never to do them—because they come hard to me. But I do wish to say—and you can quote me here, if it is of any service to you—that my experiences as author with actor have never been so fortunate as in the cases of Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Robeson. Speaking from these experiences—(and I speak too of minor members of the cast)—I would say that the Negro artist on the stage is ideal from an author's standpoint. He interprets but he does not detract—and when his own personality intrudes it is usually (unless he has learned too much rubbish in the conventional "white" school of acting) an enrichment of the part. I think Negroes are natural born actors—(speaking in generalities)—while whites have to learn to lose their self-consciousness before they begin to learn. As to voice and innate lyric quality of movement and expression, there is no comparison. You have it "all over us." I have seen it in my own plays and I know.

But where are your playwrights? I have read a good number of plays written by Negroes and they were always *bad* plays—badly written, conceived, constructed—without the slightest trace of true feeling for drama—*unoriginal*—and, *what revolted me the most, bad imitations in method and thought of conventional white plays!*

If I have one thing to say—(and I grant that "I" is a presumption)—to Negroes who work, or have the ambition to work, in any field of artistic expression, it is this: Be yourselves! Don't reach out for *our* stuff which *we* call good! Make *your* stuff and *your* good! You have within your race an opportunity—and a shining goal!—for new forms, new significance. Every white who has sense ought to envy you! *We* look around with accustomed eyes at somewhat jaded landscapes—at least too familiar—while to *you* life ought to be as green—and as deep—as the sea! There ought to be a Negro play written by a Negro that no white could ever have conceived or executed. By this I don't mean greater—because all art is equally great—but *yours, your own*, an expression of what is deep in you, *is you, by you!*

If the above sounds rather strong—and impertinent!—why I have no excuses except that I appreciate the Negro too well ever to want him to be white—in the arts which have no "line" of here or there—and I do urge him to dig within and not without!

This is sketchily written and I ask pardon for "dashing it off," but I think it expresses what I feel.

Sincerely,

EUGENE O'NEILL.

The Negro Actor

By ALAN DALE

Dramatic Editor of the N. Y. AMERICAN

The Negro actor has a splendidly defined niche in the theatre, and has proved his artistic worth many times. I have invariably felt disappointed when this admirable dramatic quality has spent itself upon the jiggling, cavorting, frolicsome "entertainments" that call for little more than exuberant spirits. I refer of course to "shows" of the calibre of "From Dixie to Broadway," and the ever-popular "Shuffle Along." Although the Negro can hold his own with the white actors in these musical melanges, it seems an injustice to an essentially artistic actor to associate him exclusively with these breezy inanities.

I recall with the greatest pleasure the series of small plays so admirably presented by the Negro actors at the Garden Theatre in 1917. These were in their way exquisite gems, and they showed the innate histrionism of the Negro in a thoroughly convincing manner. In fact, it has surprised me to find that no

subsequent attempt has been made to follow along these most interesting lines.

There is a quiet intensity, a sort of suppressed fervor, a wistfulness, and a pellucid charm about the Negro actor. His characterizations are sharply defined, and I have never seen him exaggerate, or over-emphasize. The Negro companies I have seen were able to hold their own with the Irish, the Welsh, and the Russian aggregations that have visited us. We have the Negro actor within our gates. That may explain why we pay so little attention to him. He is so easy to secure, and no lordly impresario is necessary to establish him.

I look forward to the day when we shall have bills as exhilarating as those that were given at the Garden Theatre, when the Negro actor was seen in such trifles as "The Rider of Dreams," "Granny Maume," "Simon the Cyrenian," and other little plays. I have never forgotten them. In their way they were as notable as the Irish playlets presented by Lady Gregory some years ago. The Negro actor must realize his own qualities, and seek to illumine them. He should assuredly eschew the crime of imitation. Nor should he, in any way attempt to saddle himself with the mannerisms, or the peculiarities of his white brothers. I notice with regret, that in the musical shows, the Negro actor is prone to assume the characteristics of the other race, and to sink his own. This is a grave mistake. The Negro actor should interest us by reason of his differences, and not at all by means of his similarities. He should be unique. He should glory in his own "otherwiseness." He should feel proud of his racial eccentricities, and he should endeavor to "star" these. He can never succeed by merely duplicating the activities of the white actor, and he is strong enough to stand by himself. This should be his incessant aim, and that aim will speak for itself, and be generally understood and appreciated.

The Negro actor is something that we should be glad to have in our midst, and as every effort to "present" him has been successful, I fail to see why he should not become an institution.

Last summer in London I saw the name of Florence Mills illuminating the activities of Picadilly Circus and attracting considerable attention. I would sooner have seen in London a Negro company presenting the gems that we enjoyed so completely at the Garden

Theatre, and I feel convinced that the day will come when the art of the Negro will be recognized generally, as it should be.

The Negro Actor

I.

A small Scandinavian theatre crowded with cantankerous spectators,
Chilly, pale, etiolated, like celery on which the sun has not long shone,
Listen intent to the constrained voice of an actor in a tortured Strindborg drama.

II.

Southward, the sun has somewhat melted the chill, the tension is loosened,
An animated French audience responds with limber grace
While the voice of a Bernhardt thrills through cultured ears
With self-conscious art the polished beauty of the verses of Racine.

III.

Further south again, and still warmer is the blood,
Sun-burned Italians sigh with sympathetic gestures,
While a Duse, self-forgetful, the blinded wife,
Gropes with beautiful hands among the rocks,
Calling: "Bianca Maria!"

IV.

And now still darker skins have drunk the warmth of the sun,
A still more passionate blood controlled by calm,
A Negro actor moves with still greater grace,
Natural movements of flexible limbs,
The Negro voice pouring rich from relaxed throat
Elemental sorrows melting into the night.

V.

Oh self-satisfied superior Nordics—why are we so sure?

HARRY DANA.

Former Professor of English Literature at Columbia University, now lecturing at the New School for Social Research.

When Lew Leslie makes a zillion dollars out of "From Dixie to Broadway," which at this writing seems quite probable, he will doubtless build himself a baronial castle on a mountain overlooking the sea. The prevailing style of the castle, which will contain 500 spacious rooms, will be renaissance, but the north wing will show a decided Moorish influence, with slender minarets balancing the Gothic spires of the eastern extension. The south wing will be done in the Colonial manner and to reach it from the Tudor greenhouse one will have to wind through a circular pergola resembling the rotunda of Johns Hopkins Hospital.

It is too early, of course, to speculate on the interior decorations and furnishings, but I presume the library, which will doubtless be the object of Mr. Leslie's tenderest care, and representative of his monkish tastes, will be fitted up some-

THEATRE

By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FROM DIXIE TO BROADWAY

(A Tardy Review)

thing like this: The north and west walls will be occupied by built-in bookcases, the shelves of which will contain the quintessence of the world's literature, from such select authors, say, as Rabelais, Herodotus, Dickens, Robert W. Chambers, Hawthorne, Tom Dixon and Octavius Roy Cohen. The furniture will consist of a Chippendale table, a green-plush settee, Windsor chairs, an ebony escritoire and the latest style of morris chair from Grand Rapids, Mich. On

the east wall will hang a Gobelin's tapestry and the south wall, over the fireplace, will be adorned with an immense lithograph of George M. Cohan waving the American flag. There will be a red carpet on the floor.

I make the above prediction on the presumption that Mr. Leslie's tastes, as represented by his revue, "From Dixie to Broadway," are a permanent trait of his character. This show contains bits of almost everything, a few mites of which are precious, but most of which is extremely shoddy, garish and vulgar. It is really amazing how a man can take such material as Cora Green, Shelton Brooks, Florence Mills, Will Vodery's jazz orchestra, 247 yards of red silk, two dozen yaller gals and a couple of junk automobiles and make a bad show of the ensemble. However, Mr. Leslie contrives to accomplish the feat.

(Continued on page 62)



MRS. GRACE LAZAMA
Chicago, Ill.



MISS EVELYN PREER
Chicago, Ill.



MISS E. WILSON
Chicago, Ill.



MISS L. D. BOND
Chicago, Ill.



MISS F. ROBINSON
Chicago, Ill.



MISS LUCILLE TARVER
Chicago, Ill.



EDITORIALS

Do Negroes Want High Class Anything?

Every commodity, in order to develop, must have a market. Somebody must buy it or it will perish. By market we mean economic demand. That implies desire for a good, ability to buy it, and the desire strong enough to produce purchase. To illustrate: One may desire to have a \$250 diamond pin. He may have the money to pay for it. But it is not economic demand unless the yearning for that diamond pin is sufficiently strong to drive the individual to purchase the pin.

The foregoing very nearly explains why high class Negro businesses have hard sledding, at least, in the beginning. The Negro upper class constantly complains about the absence of high class restaurants, cafes, theatres, beauty parlors and businesses. A few idealistic business men try to meet this supposed demand. In New York Thomas C. Tabb has been running most successfully for years a lunchroom and restaurant with a counter and sanitary white tables about like the Childs restaurants. He spends \$35,000 fitting up the finest place in the country owned and operated by Negroes. Does his trade increase in response to the alleged demand for high class restaurants? Not at all. The elite people of color in New York shun that gorgeous cafe at 140th Street and Lenox Avenue, as they would the smallpox.

In aristocratic Philadelphia Brown and Stevens erected the half million dollar Dunbar Theatre—light, airy and splendid in every way. It is located at Broad and Lombard. Not satisfied to help only their own community to a better theatre housing, they built in Baltimore the New Douglas Theatre. But something more than a theatre building was needed, so these same enterprising Negro business men planned something to play in the theatres. They organized the Quality Amusement Corporation giving us the now famous Lafayette Players who lifted the Negro stage to serious, creditable acting that was not one concatenated series of caricatures of the race.

Following in the footsteps of Brown and Stevens, John T. Gibson, pioneer Negro theatre magnate, purchased the Dunbar Theatre of Philadelphia. He had presented Mamie Smith and various blues singers whose offerings range between the racially derogatory or the vulgar, as a rule. Packed houses greeted this drive. But Gibson got the *something better bug* in his head. He wanted to present a great colored show at his fine Dunbar Theatre. So he brought "The Chocolate Dandies," featuring Sissle and Blake of "Shuffle Along" fame, to the Dunbar for four weeks at the alleged figure of \$50,000. Did he receive a royal rush to see this exquisite Broadway show? Did colored Philadelphia just carry on? Did artistic black Philadelphia rise to the occasion? Did the artists who claim to adore color, costume, acting, music and art demonstrate a big demand? They did not. This part of Philadelphia seldom came to the show at all, and when it did come, it seemed to have sat on its hands.

Is this sort of artistic apathy peculiar to *up-to-date* or *up-too-late New York* and aristocratic Philadelphia? Cultured colored Washington is notorious for being the graveyard of colored shows. And the manners of the colored theatre goers generally are the worst in the United States.

And Chicago? you ask. How does it patronize high class offerings? We refer to colored Chicago. A gentleman, Mr. Odrick, urbane caterer, alert, active

and enterprising, opened "The Cavern," an excellent restaurant and cafe in "Chi," the place where colored people *do* things. How did they do "The Cavern"? Why they left it sadly alone. They *did* him *up* with quasi-criminal negligence.

Let us pass on to the central West—stopping a while to look in on Hotel Street, one of the best located pieces of property colored people hold in the country. Mr. Reuben S. Street formerly ran a nice but rather plain restaurant. It boomed with business. He felt that his trade had made him able to *give* something better and therefore that his customers should *get* something better. He opened Hotel Street with one of the finest dining rooms of any colored hotel in the country. Did colored Kansas City rush to fill it, to patronize this very creditable institution? No, it ran true to cultured, colored form. It went to the barbecue stands and the other places which had taken no such pains to supply comfort and catering to the race.

Also in Kansas City, "Plantation Days," one of the best colored companies we ever saw, played to empty seats.

Having journeyed from Kansas City, we next found ourselves in the golden West—delightful Southern California. Colored California, Los Angeles in particular, is proud of its position in the colored American world. So are we; but how do they react to high class offerings? Just exactly like their eastern brethren. Why do we say so? Well, they always complained about wanting some nice cafe or place to go. They wanted something high class. Mr. Whiseman thought they were serious and in earnest. He opened "The Blue Lantern Cafe." Another colored business man opened "The Quality Cafe." Rushed for patronage by colored Los Angeles? Yes, rushed straight to the wall. Closed by the crowd going the other way! Dr. Eugene C. Nelson who followed up these failures with "The Humming Bird Cafe" has met with a similar response. Which brings us to the question: *Do Negroes Want High Class Anything?* Art? Music? Cafes? Theatres? Shows? Restaurants? Hotels? Books? Magazines? The answer is that, on the whole, they claim they do, but they don't.

They claim they do because it enables them to counterfeit culture—to travel under the livery of being colored aristocrats, scions of Southern Colonels' families, colored F. F. V's, best blood of the South, lovers of literature, patrons of art, devotees of drama, opera and music, appreciators of the beautiful and scientific. Actually they prefer to eat their meals in a hole in the wall, from a dirty fish and *aged egg* joint with grease popping and flying. As lovers of literature they read the cheap, trashy novels of the variety sold on trains at 15 and 25 cents a piece. Few have heard of and fewer still have read "The Souls of Black Folk," "Darkwater," "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," the poems of Georgia Douglas Johnson, "Veiled Aristocrats," not to mention the heavier works. Only about 150,000 of a population of fifteen million strong read *THE MESSENGER* and *The Crisis*, high class colored magazines.

As patrons of art they are bored by the opera, while most classic dramas lull them to sleep like chloroform. A friend recently asked us: "What good are colored school teachers? They won't read or patronize anything they are supposed to adore. The only thing you can sell them is a ticket to a dance, a football or a

basketball game. Why one can sell subscriptions for a magazine to ten longshoremen to every colored school teacher—and do it much quicker and easier!" He was inclined to argue, but we thought of Burke and stopped him. Burke said in his "Conciliation of the American Colonies": "What no man disputes I need not prove." We could not dispute the friend's statement—and we wanted to!

Since so-called upper-class colored people claim they desire high class offerings but don't, the question arises—why? We think the reasons are threefold. Prof. Richard T. Ely says: "*People suffer from two kinds of lacks: a lack of goods for the higher wants and a lack of wants for the higher goods.*"

This is very true of colored people; they lack the actual financial and property basis to supply cultured wants. And wants like other psychic and physical organs and traits increase with use or diminish and atrophy with disuse.

Moreover, the culture of the large number of so-called educated Negroes is very superficial. It is too new to have sunk deep. All of which is reflected in a pretense of loving the opera, drama and fine art, when in reality it bores them and is as pearls cast before swine.

Bert Williams once said: "*They told me to come up North; that there was good money up there. I got here and found the money was good, but there wasn't enough of it.*" So it is with the actually cultured colored people. Those that are may be good, but there aren't enough of them to maintain any business in a stable condition. They have desires for high class goods, but very weak desires—not strong enough to drive them to make frequent purchases.

Finally the shackles of slavery still bind the colored people. Their chains are broken but not off. They would rather, on the whole, duck into a dive, eat at a smoky, greasy fish joint, get their hair dressing done in a little junky den, than to go to some up-to-date, spacious, beautifully decorated cafes, restaurants, beauty parlors and theatres. And this primarily because they have long ago learned and understood that a clean, decent, high class place was for white people—no Negroes allowed.

This explains why the so-called high class colored people don't generally want anything high class except the dissemination of the belief that they do. They praise high class places opened for them or by members of their race but they seldom or never pay for such places. The higher class Negro has weak wants and good goods but not enough of those goods. The Negro masses possess the goods as a group but suffer from the lack of wants.

So as a general proposition it may be clearly laid down that Negroes seldom want high class anything sufficiently strong to pay for it.

High Types of Negro Business Men

Negro business men are rapidly rising to the high mark of responsibility. Many of them are delightful to deal with. Not naming them in any special order one enjoys the integrity, promptness and courteous dealings of such firms and men as the following:

F. B. Ransom and the C. J. Walker Mfg. Company; E. C. Brown, and the firm of Brown and Stevens, Bankers; Messrs. R. H. Rutherford and S. W. Rutherford of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company, Washington, D. C.; The Chicago Defender and Messrs. R. S. Abbott and Phil Jones; T. B. Watkins, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. Jesse Binga, Chicago; Mrs. Maggie

L. Walker and the St. Luke's organization in Richmond, Va.; the Southern Aid Society of Virginia; the Liberty Life Insurance Co., Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Emmett J. Scott of Howard University; Mr. Thomas C. Tabb of New York, the leading Negro restaurateur of America; Mr. Walter W. H. Casselle, leading Negro undertaker of America; Mr. Russell Smith, proprietor of The Golden West Hotel, Seattle, Washington; Mr. Charles Turpin, owner of the Booker Washington Theatre in St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Sammy Stewart and his celebrated orchestra; Dr. R. A. Williams of the Lincoln Union Fire Insurance Company, Chicago, Ill.; Nail and Parker, New York; Rev. J. H. Branham and the Olivet Baptist Church, Chicago, Mortimer M. Harris, and a score of others with whom we have had occasion to deal.

The foregoing are all splendid, courteous and delightful patrons for any business firm to have and we commend them to anyone with a legitimate good to offer. We also thank them for their splendid patronage last year and the coming year.

INTERVIEWS WITH ACTORS

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

A Broadway Star

My acquaintance with stars, either celestial or theatrical, is very slight. Like everyone else, I have seen more of the former than the latter. But unlike the common herd I have been vouchsafed the great privilege of conversing with one of the major luminaries of the American stage. One thing I have always found about the great is the ease with which they can be approached. They are generally far more human than people imagine after hearing so much about "temperamental artists." This is quite true of Florence Mills. Here is a young woman who has risen to the very top of her profession, yet she seems to be quite unaffected by the rarefied atmosphere of the heights.

It was exactly 7:30 P. M. one rainy evening in December when I walked into the stage entrance of the Broadhurst Theatre and presented my card. (Yes, I've worked up to a card now—leaving the proletariat behind!) In a very few moments I was ushered into the dressing room of the slender brown skinned lady whose charming personality and meteoric rise has taken two continents by storm.

Every time I try to play the part of the suave, sophisticated Gothamite, I fall down on the job. This interview was no exception to the rule. I actually found myself more self-conscious than usual. Not that conversing with ladies is exactly unusual with me, but I am really not the blasé fellow that I pose as being in the columns of THE MESSENGER. So I indulged in none of the little pleasantries by way of introduction that the readers of "Shafts and Darts" might expect. I got right down to business in the soberest fashion. I was actually so flabbergasted in the presence of this internationally famous little woman that I neglected to ask her from what part of the great moral Republic she originally hailed. I observed that she was young and comely, but I was not courageous enough to ask her age. Bravery is often a form of stupidity!

"Miss Mills," I began (off the stage she is Mrs. Thompson), "before I get your views on the Negro actor and the stage, tell me what shows you have appeared in prior to 'From Dixie to Broadway'."

"I haven't been in many shows," she replied, very modestly, "just 'Shuffle Along,' 'The Plantation Revue,'

'Dover to Dixie' (in England), and 'The Tennessee Ten'; the latter on the Keith Circuit." And to a further question she added that she had written no plays or songs.

"What have you found the attitude of the white actors to be with whom you have come in contact?" I proceeded, explaining just what I had in mind.

"I have only found them to be most courteous," she answered, adding, "of course one meets with the professional jealousy that is common to all actors and actresses."

"And the special difficulties that the Negro actor and actress faces?" I inquired, with pencil poised.

"Well," she informed me, "we couldn't do much at first, as far as Broadway was concerned. Of recent years, however, producers have seen the value of the Negro actor, and times have changed; it is much better now." Then she added, "But conditions are getting rather critical. There is so much competition both of colored and white shows that the Negro actors must deliver the goods or get out."

"How have you found the criticism of the reviewers in the white newspapers?" I asked.

"They have always been very, very flattering," she replied. "We could not wish for better treatment from them."

Seeking further information, I asked, "What about the criticism in the Negro press?" Whereupon she voiced the common complaint of nearly every actor and layman I have interviewed on the subject; that it was far too flattering and not sufficiently critical.

I then inquired about her experiences abroad.

"We were not received well at all by the English actors; they didn't want the competition. But the English public—the theatre-goers—were very enthusiastic in their reception. The English actors were not opposed to us because of our color but because of our competition as actors."

Miss Mills feels that the stage is the quickest and one of the best ways for the Negro to prove the ability of the race and to change the white public's attitude towards the Negro, thus corroborating the opinion of many others in and out of the profession. She is very optimistic about the future of the Negro drama, largely because of the approval with which the work of Charles Gilpin and Paul Robeson has been received. Much of the future success of the Negro drama, however, depends upon the white producers, she added.

As I was leaving she expressed her approval of the effort of THE MESSENGER to bring before the public, for the first time, the opinions and sentiments of the Negro actors and actresses, and especially requested me to say that she was much gratified by the support and kindness with which the Negro public has always favored her.

A Chat with a Female Impersonator

Actors are usually almost feminine in their reluctance to divulge their ages, so when I walked into the dressing room of Mr. Andrew Tribble at the Lincoln Theatre in New York one rainy afternoon at 4:30 for an interview, I diplomatically neglected to question him on the date of his birth. I was already aware, however, that the leading Negro female impersonator was no "chicken," for had I not laughed at his antics when I was a mere child?

Mr. Tribble is a short, slender brown-skin man who is far more serious off stage than on. I learned that he was born in Richmond, Ky., and raised and schooled in Richmond, Indiana. As early as 1894 he

played in "Old Kentucky." His real career behind the footlights began with "The Shoo-Fly Regiment" in 1906, where he played the female comic role of Ophelia. Since that time he has been playing comic female parts all over the United States and Canada. After three seasons with the "Shoo-Fly Regiment," he played two seasons with "The Red Moon" as Lily White. Then followed three seasons with S. H. Dudley in "His Honor the Barber"; a season in vaudeville over the Pantages circuit as a headliner with Matt Marshall, and over other circuits in various parts of the country. Recently, Mr. Tribble appeared in "How Come" with Eddie Hunter. He has written all his acts and designed all his costumes.

To a question concerning the attitude of white actors and producers toward the Negro actor, Mr. Tribble replied that "it depends largely on the Negro actor. If he carries himself like a gentleman; without a chip on his shoulder, he has little difficulty in getting along."

As to the white producers: "They give the Negro actor far more consideration than is generally supposed. When a Negro walks into a producer's office downtown he is treated with courtesy and attention." On the subject of Negro producers and managers, Mr. Tribble feels that there is not enough co-operation between them and the Negro actor. The facilities for the actors are generally inadequate in the houses they control, and there is a reluctance to pay the Negro actor according to his worth.

"What is your opinion of the criticisms of Negro actors and productions in the white press?" I asked.

"I have found it to be generally very fair," he replied. "In short, with the exception of a few newspapers, I have found it to be *real* criticism. In the Negro press, on the contrary, there is nothing that can possibly be called criticism. The colored papers just carry notices and flattery of the most obvious kind."

"Have you noticed any changing attitude toward the Negro actor on the part of the white public in recent years?" I next asked.

"Well," he answered, "I don't think we are as well received in the North, East and West, as we were before the war. There was a time when hotel clerks in towns in these sections would whirl the registers around with a smile as soon as a Negro actor entered the lobby. Of late years, however, I do not meet with the welcome accorded us years ago. In many towns the Negroes themselves seem to be reluctant to fraternize with members of the profession, and it is often difficult to get quarters during a short stay." He attributed this changing attitude to the K. K. K.

"What value do you think the Negro actor has been to the race?" was my next question.

"They have undoubtedly been of great value," he replied, "appearing nightly for many years before huge white audiences, and making those same audiences laugh heartily at their quips and shrewd observations, and applaud their excellent singing and remarkable dancing, has done a great deal to dispel the illusion of Negro inferiority and incapacity. No matter what one's prejudices may be, one cannot attend a performance and be made to forget the troubles and annoyances of the day amid gay music and gusts of laughter, and go away feeling the same toward the person responsible for those hours of entertainment."

Mr. Tribble feels that the outlook for Negro drama is very bad. The professional jealousy between certain leading Negro producers, he said, is largely

responsible for his pessimism on the future of the Negro theatre. I gathered from his remarks that the Negro theatre would progress with greater rapidity under white producers than colored, since there were at present no producers of the calibre of Cole and Johnson, Williams and Walker, and other old timers at present in harness. The Negro shows of the present day, he maintained, are not up to the standard of those

of yesteryear, being largely filchings of ideas from the various reviews on Broadway.

The idea of a Negro Theatrical Number of THE MESSENGER he considered excellent. "THE MESSENGER," he stated, "is the only Negro publication in which I have seen any real theatrical criticism. It certainly ranks with the best white periodicals."

NEW IDEAS ON ART

By CHANDLER OWEN

Art means the application of physical and mental skill in the doing of a thing more effectively. Philosophers have assigned among its attributes beauty, goodness, truth and utility. Strictly speaking, neither one has anything to do with art.

Art may, or may not, be beautiful. To attract communicants, the early religious artists portrayed their products in marvelous beauty. To arouse opposition against their opponents they portrayed all other religions in ugly paganism, and as hideous savagery. The anti-slavery artists pictured slavery in hideous horror. The uglier the art, the more effective it was; in arousing opposition to the Slave Institution, ugliness was of the essence.

Art may, or may not, be good. "The Klansman" and "The Birth of a Nation" are certainly art products, yet both are vicious and mean. They arouse race prejudice to the nth degree, but insofar as that was just what the authors intended to do, in the application of their mental skill, these works were high products of art.

"Rain" and "Abie's Irish Rose" calculated to destroy race prejudice are no less and no more works of art merely because their purposes are virtuous.

Truth is not an indispensable part of art. Strictly speaking, the function of art is more nearly to emphasize by exaggerating. A photographer must take pictures of people better looking than they are. The singer must overstress enunciation and pronunciation. The actor must overact to be effective. We hear it often said that *we like for an actor to be graceful and natural*. But how can an actor be both at the same time? The natural tendency of an actor is to be clumsy, crude, unpolished, ungraceful, nervous, awkward, to talk poorly and to walk worse. When he does not portray in this light, it is because he has trained away the natural and taken on the unnatural—the graces of art. So clearly is Art unnatural, that the very antipode of the word *natural* is *artificial*, meaning "made by art." Poets sing of the "babbling brooks," "chirping birds," "rolling oceans," "buzzing bees," "wafting zephyrs," "whispering winds," "cooing doves," "plaintive crickets" and "mournful whippoorwill" and "whirring insects." They claim nature produces the most beautiful music in the world. Still, any honest person knows that Paul Whiteman's orchestra, Sammy Stewart's Knights of Syncopation or Ford Dabney's aggregation, almost any musical comedy, "Shuffle Along," "Running Wild," "No, No, Nannette," not to mention the Metropolitan Opera presenting a Caruso, Arthur Middleton, Chaliapin, Lazaro, Constantino, Tetrizzini, Jeritza, Galli Curci, Farrar, Schuman Heink, Scotti, or any one of the Metropolitan Opera singers—is superior to any and all of this so-called natural music combined.

Writers will grow eloquent over landscapes, such as Italian skies, California sunsets, Scottish heather,

Swiss lakes, Venetian waterways, Niagara Falls, beautiful Blue Danube, Idaho's purple sage, Texas blue bonnets, snow capped mountains, Cedars of Lebanon, long leaf pines, Florida Everglades, Louisiana's live oaks and moss, yet any person may step in to almost any art store and pick at random pictures superior to any and all, or he may step into the Chicago Theatre, State and Lake Street, Chicago, or the Capitol at 50th and Broadway, New York, and lay all these natural scenes in the shade by comparison.

Lowell, Ruskin, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, along with other writers, such as Laura Jean Libby, Laurence Hope, Rabindrinath Tagore, Bertha M. Clay, Myrtle Reed, Robert W. Chambers, Marie Corelli, de Maupassant, Galsworthy, Sabatini, can almost make you smell, with their phrases, the aroma of roses, "which clung around her like a delicate but impelling cloud," "the scent of old lavender fine as yellowed lace," "a fragrance which seemed aromatic of spicewood, redolent of South Seas Islands and mellow moonlights," "echoes of Tyre with myrrh and frankincense," "honeyed sandalwood," and "creamy magnolias which die of their own sweetness," "deep scented roses like rich, heady wine," "breath of violets," "languid air did swoon, breathing like one who hath a perfect dream" (from the Lotus Eaters), and a thousand other fanciful phrases paying tribute to the fragrance of the flowers, and nature. Nevertheless, every woman knows that Richard Hudnut, Colgate, H'Oubigant, Djer Kiss, Giovanni Sempere, Mavis, Melba, Harriet Hubbard Ayers, Madame C. J. Walker, Overton Hygienic Co., Poro College, or any manufacturer of toilet preparations can create more variegated and richer odors to gratify the sense of smell than all the profusion of flowers so prodigally scattered by nature.

Many of the writers just named with their contemporaries and others can drive you insane with hunger and thirst describing the "water from the old oaken buckets" (usually filled with germs, dirt and tadpoles), "crystal springs dropping down like silver," "purple grapes hanging in clusters from the vine," "apples as mellow as those which Atalanta ran for," "golden pears luscious with honeyed juices," "plums which were golden yellow beneath their dusky skins and which melted in one's mouth," "great, ripened berries (black or rasp, mostly "razz"), a Dixie mammy's fried chicken and corn pone (fried in grease with certain dyspeptic memories). Yet domestic science has so raised the culinary art that a French or German cook can multiply a thousand times the dishes which are both more pleasing to the taste and the sight than these rough-hewn natural products. Mr. Heinz's 57 varieties, Mr. Campbell's kewpie marked products, Armour's tinned specialties, Del Monte's preferred products, are far more appreciated by the hungry Mr. Average Citizen than all these "tutti frutti" and frying pan delicacies

of the "best sellers." Speaking of "sellers," or "cellars," the comparatively inexpensive bottled mineral waters, sterilized, pasteurized and germless, are to be sought after instead of sentimentally courting typhoid, smallpox and venereal diseases through moon-eyed loyalty to "old oaken buckets" and "rusty" well pumps. And lingering at the "cellar" (oh dear, dead days [?]) who does not pause daily to drink to Welch's, Asa Candler and his Coca-Cola, Cliquot, White Rock, and kindred "ginger ales," or even the new and popular "Nu Grape," all of which come in individual bottles, highly sanitary and refreshing, as compared with the community cider barrel, wherein one dipped the community gourd or tin cup, at 5c. per drink—or the "church fair" lemonade stand where the aproned waitresses, shift their wad of Wrigley's to the other cheek, while they slyly drink from the long-handled ladle with which they fill the glasses of their patrons, the while they empty the "leavings" particularly the stringy rinds, back into the tub in which it stands. The town pump may be sacred to legend, but we'll take the marble-topped soda fountain for ours!

Art rises to supreme heights as the writer delineates the charm of "the Cottager's Saturday night," "be it ever so humble," "love in a cottage," "the modest farm house with a lamp sending a cheerful glow across the wet roads," "the cozy bungalow (all modern except that it had no gas, no furnace, no bath)," "the great hot blast stove with it's blinking isinglass eyes," "the sand-scrubbed floor and great fire-place," and a hundred other things all tending to portray the beauty of simple living in rustic scenes. They cast an aureole of artistic portrayal around the one room (or a bit larger) cabins on the foot hills of Kentucky, and wax rapturous over the handmade homes of the Blue Ridge mountains. The sod cabins of the Kansas frontiers come in with the "squatter's shack" of the Dakotas and the Canadian zone for their bit of worshipping. A white-washed cottage with a honeysuckle trellis by the gate is wonderful in a popular edition, but in actual life—we shudder with horror as we remember the smelly, kerosene lamps which required endless and oily fillings—smoky chimneys because dull scissors failed to even the greedy wick sticky beneath impatient fingers. And the annoying tracks across the "sand scrubbed" floors from the "wet" and muddy roads outside leading into the "great hot blast stove" which scorched those who braved its immediate presence, but left shivering more timorous ones who sat a safe three feet from the zinc square which marked its base. And here beside the wood and coal box, bane of every inhabitant of the "whitewashed cottage" because it was eternally empty—the wet track ended in telltale pools which left dark stains with ever widening rings, day after day, and no amount of sand scrubbing could eradicate them. And who would wish to inhabit a "dream of a rustic home," if it were a "pipeless" dream, a "bathless wonder" with coal to be carried for a stove and wood to be cut for the great "glowing fireplace"? What would the pastoral or lofty forest scene outside the paneless window of a cabin perched in the Blue Ridge mountains, or in the Kentucky foothills, mean when snakes are to be found uncomfortably nearby, and curious cows (part of that vaunted pastoral scene) stick wet tongues against your face as you pause to consider Nature's works? Better the close quarters of the kitchenette apartment in the heart of the metropolis, better the convenient and step-saving "Going Up," elevator in the fire-proof structure than the toilsome incline of the shady path leading to the "Saturday night cottager's" domicile.

When "Kim" ran at large, or swung through the trees, though his simple style and graceful air feats proved an additional source of revenue for Mr. Kipling, it brought no envy to the heart of the structural worker, girding together the slender, but firmly wrought, beams which proved the skeleton of the city's highest building. What though Kim or Tarzan threw cocoanuts at belligerent passerby, from the vantage of the "gnarled old trees and sinuous vines," if Mike O'Flaherty, steel worker, should lower his end of the steel girder, there would be a great deal more commotion in Harlem than the cocoanut episode could occasion in Afruasia, for there would be fraternal societies, political aggregations and curious spectators to attend the last rites, not to mention the delay in the rise of the structure while Mike testifies at the inquest as to how he came to do it!

And the same Kim might bare his "straight bronzed body to the caress of the winds and the kiss of the sun," or "the gazelle-eyed maiden wore a profusion of richly hued wild flowers wound in her luxuriant black tresses while gaily colored berries formed a linked necklace and bracelets of pure white bone clinked on her arms." "There she walked, with a native woven shawl around her, dyed with a rich hue which rivalled the purple of the Tyrian traders, while pearls from the tiny isles beyond the mainland were carelessly tossed in her hands as a child plays with pebbles." So write the literary artists, while the Metropolitan Opera draws nightly gowns which defy description because of their sheen and weave, not to mention their pattern, or lack of it; while pearls and diamonds sparkle from many a hand and head without pretension, whose cost has no parallel in the narration of any novelist. Graustark, or some other such country beloved of fiction, has a coronation and "countrymen and nobility come bearing flowers from all the land," but a Dion O'Banion falls at the hiss of a rival's bullet, and "gangland's" peasant and nobility send ostentatiously so many flowers that a building will not hold them all and truckload after truckload is borne to the cemetery.

The novelist depicts the "unadorned working girl with her imitation fur coat, or her threadbare jacket, her cheap shoes and sleazy dress" while waitress after waitress, clerk after clerk, stenographer after stenographer steps out of her own car, wrapped in sealskin or squirrel, with trim ankles which disappear in I. Miller slippers, Wonder Pointex or Eiffel hose, while her neat one-piece frock carries a "Peggy Page," "Betty Wales" or even "Poiret" label. The "gloveless hands, roughened with cold and from washing countless dishes" are not to be recognized in the well manicured fingers which slip in and out the latest thing in gauntlet gloves, or which pause at the throat of the newest tunic blouse on a pretext while the casual observer notes fully the gleaming diamond dinner ring with its companion solitaire.

To go on, quoting Art and comparing facts, "as it," would consume much time and reams of paper. And returning to the statement made at the beginning of this article to the effect that Art is neither necessarily "truthful nor beautiful" we close with this artistic tribute to facts and truth: "Truth is beauty, beauty is truth. That is all ye know and all ye need to know."—Art?

The New Manhattan Casino has been beautifully decorated and refinished, and under its new management is making a special appeal to colored patrons.

THE LETTERS OF DAVY CARR

PREFATORY NOTE

It has long been asserted that in the city of Washington colored American society has reached the point of greatest complexity, if not of highest development. The reasons for this are not far to seek, for the population of the national capital is a conglomerate of elements from every state in the Union. This explains, at least in part, the interest manifested in this favored group by society everywhere. In these days of ease and fatness, following an era of small things, we sometimes have asked ourselves if the race which survived centuries of slavery and adversity might not succumb under the degenerative influences of freedom and prosperity. It is a source of great pleasure, then, to be able to offer to our readers a real document in the case, for the "Letters of Davy Carr" present a rather brilliant cross-section of Washington's Vanity Fair. Since the publishers of contemporaneous personal letters oftentimes suffer under the imputation of indelicacy, it was with some hesitation that we ventured even to consider the present undertaking. After due reflection, however, we were convinced that, through the exercise of competent and discriminating editorial censorship the principal objections to publication could be removed.

In this connection we were fortunate in securing for this difficult and delicate task of editing, a person intimately acquainted with the social life of the capital city. After making a careful study of the letters he decided that certain alterations were imperative. First, all the names must be changed, of persons, clubs, cities, and even streets, except in the few cases in which the real name could work no harm. Next, he must distort or dislocate, so to speak, such descriptions as might make too obvious the identity of certain characters. Finally, he excised entirely a few passages which seemed too revelatory. While doing this, he has striven to preserve unspoiled the flavor of the letters, by retaining the carelessness, the colloquialism, and the unstudied art of the originals, even at the cost of an occasional split infinitive, or other bugbear of the teacher of syntax and composition. What the resulting document loses in polish, and in finish of diction, it should more than gain in naturalness.

We realize that, whatever pains we may take to conceal the identity of Davy Carr's friends, there are those of our readers who will insist that they see resemblances even where none exist. This, of course, we cannot help. All we can do is to wish them joy in their difficult if fascinating task. To forestall possible questions from the over-curious, perhaps we might say now that the publishers and the editor are under pledge not to reveal the identity of anyone mentioned in this unique correspondence.

In conclusion, we feel that we are presenting to our readers something absolutely new in the field of writing as it relates to our race group. But let the letters speak for themselves. They are before you!

THE PUBLISHERS.

N. B. The italic headings are furnished by the editor.

I.

In which Davy, having arrived in Vanity Fair, looks for lodgings and finds a home.

Washington, D. C., Monday, Oct. 2.

DEAR BOB:

You certainly were right when you advised me to wait until I found just what I wanted. I was getting impatient and I should have taken the place on T Street, if it had not been for your letter. So I decided to hold out a few days longer, and my waiting has been rewarded, for I have found the best place imaginable. This self-congratulation may seem a little premature, but somehow I do not think it is. My good luck came from an unexpected source, too.

I called on the Wallaces the other night, and in the midst of a very interesting conversation Mrs. Wallace happened to ask me if I were located satisfactorily. I told her my troubles, and gave her an idea as to what I wanted. She reflected a minute, and then said she thought she could help me out. So she excused herself and, while Wallace and I talked and smoked, I could

hear her in the next room telephoning. After a while she returned and handed me a note. I glanced at the envelope and noted that it was inscribed to a Mrs. Margaret Rhodes, at an address just around the corner from the T Street house I was considering. So I went there the next afternoon at about five. I was met at the door by a handsome, rather stately young woman with a very dignified manner, who ushered me into the back parlor, where I was asked to have a seat. She left me for a moment, but reappeared almost immediately to say that her mother would see me in a few minutes. She then returned to the parlor, where she was entertaining a lady caller.

Thus left to my own devices, I took the opportunity to look about me, and to say that I was delighted with what I saw expresses it mildly. Rarely have I seen a room—it was evidently a library living room—that I have liked better. Solid, substantial furniture, walls lined with bookcases filled with good books, and more good pictures and art objects, well selected and in the best of taste, than I have seen in an ordinary home for a long time. Nothing seemed new, but, on the contrary, everything showed signs of use, and looked as if it were an integral part of the room. Individuality and good taste were apparent wherever one looked, in rugs, tables, bookcases, lamps, pictures. An open fireplace, in which a fire was laid ready for lighting, gave the final touch of coziness. To say I was charmed is putting it mildly. Mrs. Rhodes, when she entered, seemed quite in place in the picture. She is an attractive, motherly person of quiet manners and refined speech. My mind was made up the moment I saw her and I was afraid only that she might refuse me. In fear and trembling, so to speak, I gave her Mrs. Wallace's note. She read the note attentively, and then arose and offered me her hand.

"I am pleased to meet any friend of the Wallace's, Mr. Carr. I was not planning to take anyone else," she continued. "We have one lodger, and we have just begun to get used to him. You see we never had anyone in the house except our own family while Mr. Rhodes was alive, and it is hard to break old habits. What Mrs. Wallace says puts a different face on it, of course. Mr. Rhodes knew your people well, I believe. I have heard him speak often of your father." She hesitated, and looked at me again smilingly. "We have only one room available, and I don't like to think of renting it. It was Mr. Rhodes' private den." Again she hesitated, and again she looked at me. "Well, let's look at it, anyway, since you are here."

She arose, and I followed her—up two flights of stairs to the third floor back. The room itself finished me, and I decided then and there that I must have it. It was appointed to suit me exactly—wallcases, couch, table, revolving bookcase and all.

"This is just what I want," I said. "If only you will let me have it, I promise you I shan't give you a bit of trouble. I am a quiet person, and you won't know I am here."

To make a long story short, the good lady agreed to take me in, and I hastened to clinch the bargain by paying my first month's rental, which was most reasonable, and making immediate arrangements for the moving in of my traps.

As we reached the lower hall, the young woman who had let me in was just taking leave of her visitor. As she turned from the door Mrs. Rhodes called her.

"Genevieve, let me present Mr. Carr. Mr. Carr, this is my daughter, Miss Rhodes."

That dignified young person received the introduction with a cool graciousness which was a curious mixture of perfect courtesy and impersonal indifference.

Then Mrs. Rhodes explained my errand, told who I was, and otherwise oriented me for the benefit of the handsome young woman with the coldly gracious manner, who withdrew as soon as she could do so without too much abruptness.

So two days later I moved in, and had a rather enjoyable time unpacking my books, and bestowing my belongings properly. All is now in order, and I hope sincerely that I am settled for the winter. Somehow I feel that I am going to like this place. The house is certainly homelike and attractive, and the Rhodes family are surely "easy on the eyes," for they have as high an average of good looks as any household I have seen in many a day. Mrs. Rhodes must have been a belle in her youth, and she is still good looking, with the dearest, most motherly manner in the world; Genevieve, as I have said, is very handsome, stately, fair, with fine chestnut hair and dark eyes; but the flower of the flock is Caroline, the younger daughter, who is a real beauty, much darker than her sister, more petite, and livelier. She has, apparently, all the best and the worst points of the modern flapper.

I saw her first the day I moved in. I was unpacking and arranging my books when Mrs. Rhodes came in to see how I was getting on. She was followed closely by the prettiest, trimmest, shapeliest little brown girl you ever saw, with the boldest black eyes I ever looked into. She received her mother's introduction with the savoir-faire of a duchess, and took me in with her appraising eyes in such wise that I was almost embarrassed, though, as you know, I have not a reputation for lack of poise.

There is a boy, too, it seems. He is twenty, so his mother says, and he has just matriculated in the medical school. Since he spends most of his time at the chapter house of his fraternity, I have not seen him yet. As the youngest member of the household, and a boy in a trio of doting women, I have no doubt that he has been indulged to a degree, and is consequently a spoiled darling. I am glad, then, that he spends little time at home.

There is another lodger here. He has the third floor front, and seems quite luxuriously housed. He is surely a swell dresser, and must be popular, to judge from the mail and the messages he gets. Maybe you know him. I have passed him twice in the hall in the past two or three days, and I know only his name, which is Morris H. Jeffreys. I have noted through his open door two Atlanta pennants adorning his walls. Since you know almost everyone from that neck of the woods, maybe you have come across this M. H. Jeffreys. He is a tall, well built, brownskin chap with a quick step, and a rather assured manner. His voice is very musical and soft—almost too soft, somehow. At any rate, that's the way it strikes me. Though maybe that is just the little human touch of envy that would pick a flaw in a chap who is handsome, well-dressed and unusually prosperous-looking.

Of course I know the danger of judging young chaps—Jeffreys looks under twenty-five—by their outward appearance. You know and I know the wonderful front that was put up by some of those impecunious, scheming, grafting birds with whom we consorted in the good old days in the Sunny South. And I guess the North is not so different. Human nature is about the same everywhere, and I have never heard that state

boundaries make any difference in that particular. At any rate, "yours truly" has learned to shy at a suave, soft-spoken boy who is *too* well dressed. Do you remember Milton Upshaw and the vanished semester fees money to which we bade such a fond farewell? Every time I think of Milt I smell hair burning, and it isn't a nice odor, is it, Bob? So, while I realize that it is not fair to him, maybe, I cannot help saying that every time I have seen this man Jeffreys I have thought of Milt Upshaw and our vanished coin. If Jeffreys could only see my thoughts he certainly would have good ground for a suit for slander. But enough of him!

I have heard it said many times that Washington has more pretty women than any city in the country, and I am beginning to think it is true. I had another illustration of it last night. The Wallaces, who have been very kind, invited me to supper, and there I met Dr. and Mrs. Morrow, the Hales, Miss Lillian Barton, and Mr. Morton Reese, an eligible bachelor. It was an unusually interesting group, I assure you, and such as one would not be likely to meet around one table in many cities with which I am acquainted. For example, the conversation happening to turn on France and the war, it transpired that, of the nine people present, including myself, at least six have been to Europe—I am not sure as to the other three—and one or two of them more than once. They are all highly-cultivated people.

The Wallaces you know already, having met them in Boston last summer. Dr. Morrow is a very distinguished-looking dark man, tall and graceful, with the manner of an aristocrat, and Morton Reese you know by reputation. The ladies, except Mrs. Wallace, are all very fair, and would not be likely to be taken for colored, and in manner and dress they all of them showed real class. I am not sure that Miss Barton is not, taking her all in all, the most brilliant woman I have ever met in colored society, but I speak, remember, after only one meeting. She is not only clever and witty, with a real sparkle about her, but she is undeniably handsome. In fact, I am not sure that one might not call her beautiful. Mrs. Hale is a rather stately beauty, with a fine color and a pair of interesting gray eyes. We took a liking to each other on sight, apparently. At any rate, I am sure that I took a liking to her, and I *think* she did to me, but I don't wish to appear conceited.

This much I know, that I had a ripping good time, and a very nice supper—creamed oysters, and wonderful cocoa, and other good things—and last, but by no means least, plenty of the most stimulating conversation. Wallace himself is a man who does not deal in gossip or small talk, but is a well-read chap with real brains and genuine intellectual interests, and he rather set the pace. I must confess that most of those present were quite able to hold their own.

Taking it all in all, I was quite elated over my evening. The company was certainly a choice one, and I was accepted without question as "belonging." The Morrrows took all the guests home in their car, and as they left me at my door they gave me a very cordial invitation to call, which I shall certainly not let go by default.

* * *

This letter was interrupted by a voice at my door, and the entrance of Miss Caroline Rhodes, my landlady's younger daughter. She came to bring me your telegram. She delayed her going by some errand or other in the big storeroom opening off the hall just outside my door long enough to pop her head in again, and say that she hoped it was not bad news. It is a

curious thing about telegrams and long distance telephone messages. So many people seem to have a horror of them, as expedients resorted to only in matters of life and death. In this, as in other things, we are progressing. I know that I did not get over my provincial feeling of excitement over a telegram until I had sent and received some scores of them in that very exciting winter of 1917-1918.

At any rate, Miss Caroline asked me if the news was bad, and, the ice thus broken, sat down on a corner of my couch and chatted a few moments. She is really quite a striking little beauty, with the most flashing black eyes you ever saw, and the prettiest feet and ankles imaginable. Extremes surely meet in that last sentence, don't they?

As an older person I took the liberty of asking questions, all of which she answered very frankly, and at the same time quite as frankly took in everything in my room. She teaches in a graded school, so she says, and her sister teaches in the high school. She, Caroline, is planning through evening work at the university to get her college degree, so that she may take the high school examinations, and thus put herself in line for the better salaries the secondary school positions pay.

"Genevieve gets \$2,740 a year," she said in her sprightly manner, "and she does not need it half as much as I do. It takes money to keep up in this town!" Verily, I believe it does, to judge from what I have seen thus far! "And you have not a ghost of a show to get married nowadays if you can't cash a nice fat pay check once a month," she added, laughing.

"Has it come to that?" I queried.

"It has, indeed," she answered. "Mother raves over what she calls 'such a state of things,' but I tell her that the Middle Ages are over—this is 1922. She used to go buggy-riding with her best fellow when she coming up, but that does not prove that there's anything wrong with a 1923 Packard, does it?"

Of course you know my flair for what you call "things social and sociological." So I commenced to question her in real earnest, trying to get her point of view, if, indeed, these flappers have any such thing. While talking, I asked her permission to light a cigarette.

"Surely," she laughed, "if you will give me one. I love Melachrinos." She had recognized the box across the room.

Then she noticed my cigarette-holder, the one that pretty French girl at Granges gave me. She sized it up with a discerning eye, noticed my monogram engraved on it, and I had to tell her all about it.

"By the way," she said, "mother and Genevieve fuss a lot about my smoking, so please keep mum. Genevieve thinks I am headed straight to perdition, and says so, while mother thinks so, I am afraid, without saying so. It's a chore getting along with two Victorian females in one house. One's a great plenty, I'll say!"

And so she sat, swinging her silk-clad legs with the abandon of a small boy, and regaled me in terms piquant and interesting, if a trifle startling at times, with her very modern views of the woman question, fellows, and marriage. Viewed from some standpoints, it was decidedly refreshing, but I am not sure that it was not more shocking than anything else. Hearing a step on the stair, she hastily put her half-smoked cigarette back among the books on the shelf behind her. At that moment Jeffreys appeared at the head of the stairs. She greeted him cordially and most informally, and he returned the greeting with that flashing smile of his, and stopped in the doorway

for a few seconds. After introducing us to each other, Caroline resumed her cigarette.

"He surely is a good looking fellow," I thought, as I took in his lithe gracefulness as he leaned carelessly against the door-frame, and his manners and "manner" are perfection. And yet, somehow, I don't like him.

"Jealous," you will say.

"Of what?" say I.

This is a shockingly long letter, and I know you are overcome by this time, so I shall close. Be good, old fellow, even if you are a bit lonesome at times. A word to the wise—the Brown Boulevard is almost as alluring and quite as dangerous, as the gay White Way! Keep that thought in your mind. Remember the words of that catchy song some of the boys used to sing:

"If you haven't been vamped by a brownskin,
You haven't been vamped at all!"

There is not a great deal of poetry in that song, Buddie, but there's a whole lot of truth. So keep your lamps working, and watch your step! If that Harlem life gets you, you won't amount to a tinker's damn—excuse my perfect Old English!—but if you can weather that particular trouble, there's no telling what you may not do. But I have said it all before, you know it, and I know it—so why repeat it, you may say. True, but I am older than you are, and I have seen many a good fellow break his neck over that same old log.

Write soon, and tell me what you are doing.

With all good wishes,

DAVY.

Sensational and scintillating letters of Davy Carr continued next month. Don't miss them.

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A ONE-ACT PLAY

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

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Scene 1: The parlor of a Seventh Avenue apartment, North Harlem, New York City.

Time: All the time.

CHARACTERS:

The Girl
 Marthathe Maid
 Johnniethe Rent Man
 Georgethe Shoe Man
 Frankthe Coat Man
 Sammythe Dress Man
 Henrythe Hat Man
 Charliethe Jewelry Man
 Phyllisthe Dog

It is about 7:00 P. M. The room is done in bright red. There are two windows backstage with lace curtains and green shades. Between them is a player piano with a neat pile of music rolls atop of it. A long bench is placed before it. On the left are two doors: the nearest to the audience leading into a hall, the other leading into the bathroom. Between these two doors is a library table covered with an imitation animal skin. On the table are several books and popular magazines. On the right are also two doors exactly opposite those on the left. The one nearest the audience leads into the kitchen, while the other leads into a bedroom. Between the two doors is a writing desk. There is a chair on each side of the piano, before the writing desk and alongside the library table. There is a telephone on the library table behind an artistic screen. In the center of the room downstage there is a day bed. The head is nearest the kitchen door. Near the bed is a smoking cabinet. One of its doors are open, and inside can be glimpsed a quart bottle of a shape familiar before Prohibition, and several whiskey glasses. Behind the bed is a floor lamp.

On this day bed reclines an octoroon who could easily pass for white. She possesses lustrous black hair; a chubby, painted baby face; delicate hands and very shapely limbs. She is garbed in pink silk pajamas with baby blue ribbons. On her feet are a dainty pair of house slippers of the same color. She is reading a magazine of the "snappy" variety, and taking occasional puffs from a gold-tipped cigarette. A gold watch encircles her wrist. Asleep on a blue sofa pillow at the foot of the bed is a fluffy white poodle dog. There is no light except that from the floor lamp. After the curtain rises she glances at her watch, and noting the time, rises, casts the cigarette into the receiver, tosses the magazine onto the table, and yawns and stretches lazily.

The Girl: Ho hum! . . . Martha! (*calling*)

Martha: (*Opening the kitchen door*) Yes, Ma'am! (*She is a dark brown girl with rigidly straightened black hair. She wears the apron and cap of a maid.*)

The Girl: Suppose you run over to the delicatessen store and get me a quart of rye—we're almost out of stuff. You'll find some money on my bureau. I may have some company tonight.

Martha: Yes, Ma'am.

The Girl: You'd better dust up the parlor a bit too, before you go. And don't forget to take Phyllis out for an airing. . . . Let's have some light here.

Martha: Yes, Ma'am! (*She switches on the lights and disappears into the kitchen.*)

The Girl: (*Suddenly starting*) Oh! the rent. I almost forgot it! (*She goes over to the telephone*) Give me Bradhurst 00077. No! Not Rhineland—Bradhurst! Bradhurst 00077! Yes, that's the number I gave—Bradhurst 00077! Hello! Is Mr. Russell in? (*Very sweetly*)

May I speak to him, please? (*Martha re-enters with a duster and begins tidying up the room. She looks at the Girl, shakes her head and laughs knowingly*) Oh, Hello Johnnie!—Oh! I'm feelin' kinda bad tonight, sweetheart—no, nothing serious. Say, daddy, send me over fifty right away, please. Yes, for the rent—certainly—tomorrow's the fifteenth, ain't it? Now looka here, Johnnie, I don't want all that who—struck—John—I want that fifty dollars—now you're talking business—oh, I'm awfully sorry, Johnnie, but you can't come over tonight—my husband's coming in—no! I wouldn't dare take a chance—that's a good boy—Friday night, then—good bye, dearest. (*She kisses noisily into the mouthpiece, hangs up, and sighs heavily.*) Well, Martha, that's settled. It takes me to make these men toe the mark. He tried to stall me for the rent. Can you beat that? Imagine tryin' to stall me!

Martha: You're a wonder alright. How do you do it? Don't they ever get wise, or anything?

The Girl: (*Dropping into the chair near the library table*) Not a chance in the world. It's easy to handle men because they're all saps. All you gotta do is to treat 'em as if they were about ten years old. It's easy as rollin' off a log.

Martha: Well, you certainly know these Harlem men, alright. I wonder how you manage to get such big bugs: lawyers, ministers, newspaper men, and that bunch. (*She tidies the day-bed*)

The Girl: Oh, there's not much to know about them, except that they are the biggest boobs in New York—and that's saying a lot, too. Of course, the married ones are the worst of the lot; especially the so-called society leaders and business men. Once in a while a fellow gets rambunctious on my hands, but I know how to handle 'em. (*She laughs*)

Martha: (*Going into the kitchen*) Well, I'd better get the liquor. (*Calling from the kitchen*) Do you want anything from the delicatessen?

The Girl: No, the booze is enough. Musn't give these Johns too much—it spoils 'em. "Treat 'em rough" is my motto.

Martha: (*Appearing at the kitchen door dressed for the street*) Well, you can get away with it; you're a high yaller. I wish I was your color. I've used everything advertised in the *Chicago Defender*, but I'm just as black as I was when I came from Jamaica two years ago. Have you ever tried to "pass"? You could get by easy, anywhere. (*The girl goes into the bedroom*)

The Girl: (*Returning with a blue dressing gown which she lazily dons*) Sure. I lived downtown for a year or two; but there's better pickings up here. Downtown, I was only another white girl. Up here I am worshipped by all the successful business men, professional fellows and society swells, because I am a high yaller. Yes, it's lots easier up here because there's less competition. These college graduates and swell dames don't stand no chance with me, even if I didn't finish grammar school.

- All I've got to do is to wink and I can have a hundred black men running after me.
- Martha: Well, I can't understand it myself!
- The Girl: Oh, it's easy to understand. You see, all these darkies are crazy about white women, but when they get prominent and up in the world, and all that, they don't dare let the shines know it, and they're ashamed to let the white folks know it. So they kinda compromise and get the whitest colored woman they can find. Of course, they won't admit that, but you can judge by their actions. I know 'em from A to Z. *(She opens the smoking cabinet, pours out a drink and swallows it, lights a cigarette, and then reclines luxuriously on the day bed. The maid chuckles and enters the bedroom)*
- Martha: *(Coming out of the bedroom)* Come, Phyllis! *(She fastens the lead string on the dog and goes out by the hall door)*
- The Girl: *(meditatively)* Now, if I can only get a new outfit for that party next week, I'll be sitting pretty. If that darky just brings that fur coat, I'll knock 'em dead. Put on airs with me, will they? I'll make all the dickties look like rag bags. *(The telephone rings. She answers it)* Hello! Hello! Mr. Russell! *(in surprise)* Alright, tell him to come up. *(Hangs up the receiver)* Hell! I told him not to come up here tonight. Damn fool! *(She paces back and forth angrily. The door bell rings. She admits a well dressed, shrewd-looking, sleek, black fellow)* Oh, Hello, Johnnie!
- Johnnie: *(Kissing her)* Hello, sweetheart!
- The Girl: *(Shaking her finger reproachfully at him)* I thought I told you not to come up tonight? You're always doing something to jam me!
- Johnnie: *(apologetically)* Well, I had to come, darling. You know I couldn't trust anybody in Harlem with that amount of money. And I didn't dare send one of my kids with it. Here! *(handing her several bills. He sits on the day bed.)*
- The Girl: *(Counting the money)* Well, you could have sent a messenger boy with it. You're the dumbest real estate man I ever saw. You never think of my welfare at all. Here! what does this mean? You're five dollars short.
- Johnnie: Well, you see honey, I . . .
- The Girl: Aw, shut up! What do you mean; trying to hold out on me? I told you I wanted fifty dollars. Now if you can't give me what I need I'll get it somewhere else. You're not the only nigger in Harlem that wants a good looking mama! Put that in your pipe and smoke it. There's plenty of men who'll be glad to take your place. *(She throws the money on the library table)* If you're that cheap, I'll quit!
- Johnnie: *(Thoroughly alarmed, drops to his knees in front of her)* Oh, honey! you wouldn't quit me, would you? I wouldn't have anyone but my wife, then.
- The Girl: *(pushing him aside, as she moves to the other side of the room)* Well, it would serve you right. *(The telephone rings. The girl answers it)* Hello! Hello—Who?—Put him on the wire—Oh, hello! I wasn't expecting you tonight—Well—I suppose I can spare you a minute—Yes, come on up. *(She rings off)* See, *(turning to Johnnie)* I told you the old man would be here tonight. Come on, beat it! *(Johnnie jumps up and looks around wildly for a place to hide, finally he makes for the hall door)* Come back here, you damn fool! He's coming that way. I told you he was coming but you would stick around. *(She glances wildly around the room. The door bell rings)* Quick! go in the kitchen and lock the door! Quick! *(Exit Johnnie into the kitchen. The door bell rings again.)* In a minute! *(sweetly. The girl snatches his hat off the day-bed and throws it into the kitchen after Johnnie)* Keep still in there now, you big sap! And lock that door! *(Johnnie locks the door. The bell rings again.)*
- Voice in the Hall: What's the matter in there? Open the door!
- The Girl: Just a minute, dear! *(She admits a tall brown-skin man dressed as a clergyman and carrying a brief case. He looks around suspiciously)* Well, why don't you kiss me! *(putting her arms around his neck)* Ain't you my little reverend?
- The Man: Ss-h! not so loud. I don't want anybody to know I am here. I'm awfully glad to see you, honey! *(He embraces her.)*
- The Girl: Well, what did you bring me, Georgie, dear?
- George: *(Reaching into the brief case and extracting a bottle of liquor)* Look at this pre-war stuff, will you?
- The Girl: *(Putting the bottle in the smoking cabinet)* Is that all you brought? Where are the shoes I asked you for?
- George: Now, now, don't be so quick to get on your high horse. *(He reaches into the brief case and brings out a pair of expensive shoes.)* Here's your shoes.
- The Girl: *(embracing him)* Oh, George! you're so good to me! You're worth a hundred of these other men!
- George: That's the talk, honey! *(He starts to take off his coat)*
- The Girl: Oh, George! I'm sorry, but you can't stay. You know my husband's coming tonight and you don't want to jam me, do you?
- George: *(reluctantly rising)* Well, alright, but it seems like you're always hustling me off.
- The Girl: Aw, quit cryin'! You make me sick. A whole lot you care about me. You wouldn't care if my husband cut my throat . . . you and your cheap shoes!
- George: *(Aroused)* Cheap shoes! What do you mean; cheap shoes? Them shoes cost me fifteen dollars!
- The Girl: Well, what of it? Do you think this is a charitable institution? Come on, beat it! *(The telephone rings)* Good God! There he is now. *(She answers the telephone)* Hello! Hello!—Yes—Yes. Well, come on. Where are you now?—In about five minutes—yes—alright then. *(She hangs up the receiver and turns on George excitedly)* Come on—quick! I told you to get out of here. Go in the bedroom! Hurry up!
- George: *(Also excited)* Alright. Hurry up and get rid of him. I've got to attend prayer meeting tonight! *(Exit George into the bedroom)*
- Johnnie: *(Opening the kitchen door)* Is it alright now?
- The Girl: *(savagely)* Shut that door, and lock it! *(Exit Johnnie. The door bell rings. She admits a small black fellow who carries a large bundle)*
- The Newcomer: Evening, old dear! *(embracing her)* Look what I brought you?
- The Girl: Oh you dear! What is it?
- The Newcomer: *(Unwrapping the bundle and displaying a long fur coat)* How do you like that, sweetie?

- The Girl: Oh, Frank! You're worth a hundred of these other men! You're so good to me. How much did it cost?
- Frank: (*dramatically*) Six hundred berries!
- The Girl: (*Much impressed*) Nothing cheap about you? You must have made a touch.
- Frank: Well, I'm not treasurer of my lodge for nothing, you know. I handle all the funds, and I might as well spend it on you as to have them throwing it away on monkey uniforms and conventions.
- The Girl: (*Hopefully*) Have you got a meeting tonight, Frankie?
- Frank: Nope. I'm gonna stay right here with you.
- The Girl: Oh! you can't, not tonight. My husband's coming home tonight. You'd better leave now. You don't want to jam me, do you?
- Frank: I don't see why I should run as soon as I get here. I ain't goin' nowhere!
- The Girl: (*tearfully*) Oh, Frankie, you must! (*The telephone rings.*)
- Frank: Naw I won't. I ain't spendin' six hundred iron men for nothin'. I wouldn't run for nobody!
- The Girl: (*Answering the telephone*) Hello! Hello! Yes, it's me—no, don't come up for a while yet—well—alright then.
- Frank: (*alarmed*) Who's that?
- The Girl: Why it's my husband. I told you he was coming. Come on, beat it!
- Frank: (*Racing around the room*) Where shall I hide? Where shall I hide? (*He tries the kitchen and bedroom doors and finding them locked, opens the window on the right and steps out on the fire escape. The girl rushes after him, pulls down the sash and lowers the shade*)
- The Girl: Oh, my God! what a mess! If I ever get out of this . . . (*The doorbell rings. She rushes to the door and admits a gigantic black fellow with a bundle under his arm.*) Oh, you dear boy! I wasn't expecting you so soon. I'm not even dressed yet. (*They embrace*) What have you got there, Sammy?
- Sammy: (*Grinning*) Oh, I've got just what you want. (*He unwraps the bundle and displays a new dress*) Not so bad for seventy-five dollars, eh?
- The Girl: (*rapturously*) Oh! it's so beautiful! You're worth a hundred of these other Harlem men, Sammy. Just what I wanted, too. Oh, you're a darling. (*She kisses him*)
- Sammy: (*Boasting*) Oh, that's nuthin'. I can get a girl like you anything you want.
- The Girl: Can you, dear?
- Sammy: I'll say I can! . . . Got anything to drink?
- The Girl: Sure. Did you ever know me when I didn't have anything to drink! (*She pours both a drink*) I'm sorry you can't stay, Sammy. You see, my husband's coming in tonight.
- Sammy: (*Huffily*) Say! what do you think I am? What do you think I'm buyin' this stuff for? I had to borrow twenty bucks off my old lady to help pay for that (*pointing to the gown*).
- The Girl: Now, Sammy, be nice! I can't help it 'cause he's coming in tonight. I didn't know it until this morning. You wouldn't jam me, would you? (*She looks fearfully at the doors and the right-hand window.*)
- Sammy: (*Suspiciously*) I ain't gonna move a step. So that's that. (*The doorbell rings. He glances wildly about*) Where'll I go?
- The Girl: Oh God! Go somewhere. (*He rushes around to the doors*) Go out on the fire escape until I get rid of him! (*pointing to the left-hand window*).
- Sammy: (*Making a dive for the window*) Alright! Alright! (*He starts to raise the window, but it sticks*) What the hell's the matter with this damn window? (*The door bell rings again*)
- The Girl: Quick! Quick! (*She helps him raise the window and pushes him out, lowering the sash and the shade. The bell rings again, supplemented by a kick at the door*)
- A Voice: Open up there!
- The Girl: (*Rushing to the door*) Alright, dear! (*She opens the door and admits a small, slender brown-skin man. His hair is slicked down, he sports a deep red necktie and wears a wrist watch. He has a soprano voice and a mincing walk. He carries a hat box.*) Hello! what you doing up here tonight? Why didn't you telephone?
- The Slender One: I just thought I'd surprise you, dearie. (*He drops the hatbox and embraces her.*)
- The Girl: Kiss me on the cheek, dear. You know what I've always told you. . . . What have you got there; something for me?
- The Slender One: Oh, you know I have, sugar lump! (*He opens the box and brings forth a gorgeous hat*) Isn't it just perfectly beautiful?
- The Girl: Oh, Henry! It's just what I wanted. You're worth a hundred of these men in Harlem. (*She embraces him, turning her head aside*) On the cheek, dear!
- Henry: Now we're going to have a perfectly lovely time, aren't we, darling? You see, I've worn a soft collar—I'm always looking out for you.
- The Girl: Now, Henry, you can't stay.
- Henry: (*Alarmed*) Oh, Honey! I got off from the "Y" early tonight especially for you. Won't you let me stay? (*He drops to his knees and placing his arms around her, pulls her toward him. She pushes him aside.*)
- The Girl: No, you can't stay! I'm not going to have my husband come in here and catch anything like you around!
- Henry: (*Jumping up*) Now dear, that's terribly mean of you. I would almost say it's downright despicable, the way you treat me. I would, I would, I would. You have no idea what I went through in order to get the twenty dollars for that hat! (*He buries his face in his arms and sobs with much heaving of shoulders*) You treat me abominably, that's what you do. You're mean, mean, mean to me!
- The Girl: (*Revolted*) Come on, snap out of it, you little sissy! Get on back to your Y.M.C.A. before my husband gets here. Beat it!
- Henry: (*Indignantly, hands on hips*) So that's the way you treat me, eh? I've a good mind never to come here again!
- The Girl: Well, I've been expecting you to pull something like that. That's why I had you to get the dog for me. (*The door bell rings and Henry jumps in alarm, glances wildly about.*) Quick! Under the bed! That's him now. (*Henry dives under the bed. His feet tap the floor in fright*) Keep your feet still, you little fool. (*The bell rings again*). Alright (*loudly*), just a minute. (*She opens the door and admits a big black man in policeman's uniform.*) Hello, dear! I've been so lonesome here without you.
- The Policeman: (*Kissing her*) I know you have, honey. (*He has a booming bass voice*)
- The Girl: Why didn't you 'phone, Charlie? (*He sits*

- in the large chair by the library table and tosses his hat aside. She sits on his knee)*
- Charlie: I wanted to surprise my little girl.
- The Girl: Well, you certainly did. I didn't expect you tonight. *(Henry, under the day-bed, can't make his feet behave. Charlie and the girl both hear the tapping)* That's them kids up stairs, honey bunch. *(Embracing him.)*
- Charlie: Oh! I was wondering . . . I see you gotta lotta new stuff. *(Glancing at the coat, hat and gown.)*
- The Girl: Yes, I was downtown shopping today.
- Charlie: Well, I was shopping too. How do you like that? *(He produces a diamond ring from its box)* Aint it a beauty?
- The Girl: *(Slipping the ring on her finger)* Oh, Charlie! You're such a wonderful daddy. You're worth a hundred of these other Harlem men! *(She holds her hand up to the light. The ring sparkles.)*
- Charlie: *(Kissing her)* I sure had to shake down the bootleggers to get enough to buy that!
- The Girl: Won't you have a drink before you go, Charlie?
- Charlie: Waddaya mean; go? I'm stayin' right here, babe. *(Producing a big flask)* Try some of this Scotch. I got it off that druggist on 135th Street. It's good stuff. *(The girl pours both of them a stiff drink)*
- Charlie: Well, here's excitin' times!
- The Girl: They're exciting enough for me right now! *(They drink. Henry's feet misbehave again. The cop listens)*
- Charlie: What's that?
- The Girl: Oh, that's them kids upstairs, honey!
- Charlie: Oh! I forgot. *(The door bell rings. The girl starts)*
- The Girl: That must be Martha. *(She opens the door and Martha enters with a package and Phyllis)*
- Martha: *(Glancing at Charlie and handing the package to the Girl)* There's the stuff.
- Charlie: More hooch, eh? Atta baby!
- Martha: Yessir, more stuff. *(She unleashes the dog, who immediately makes for Henry's feet. Martha starts for the kitchen.)*
- The Girl: *(Quickly)* Martha, play a roll for us, won't you? Just put your things on the piano, or a chair.
- Martha: *(wonderingly)* Yes, Ma'am! *(She walks to the piano. The telephone rings. Charlie and the Girl reach for it simultaneously. Charlie, being nearest, reaches it first. He answers. Martha takes off her things)*
- Charlie: Hello! *(Henry's feet misbehave and Phyllis sniffs around him)* Yes—What's that?—On the fire escape! *(The Girl starts)*—Alright, I'll fix 'em! *(He replaces the receiver)*
- The Girl: What is it? *(She is quite agitated)*
- Charlie: *(Reaching for his gun)* Two crooks on your fire escape, the janitor says. *(Martha runs to first the kitchen door and then the bedroom door. Charlie rushes to the window on the left and shouts out)* Come in here, you! *(The Girl sinks weakly into the chair. Sammy raises the window and crawls into the room)* Put 'em up! Come out o' there, you other guy! *(Frank raises the other window and enters, ranging himself alongside Sammy, with hands pawing the air. The Girl tries to dart out the hall door)* Where you goin', Corinne? Come back here! I can handle these bums. *(Keeping the two men covered, he grasps her robe)*
- The Girl: *(Sinking back into the chair)* Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
- Martha: These doors are locked from the inside; I can't open them! *(Henry kicks at the dog. Charlie sees the kick)*
- Charlie: Uh-huh! I thought there was something crooked here. Come out from under there! *(Henry emerges)* Why, you dirty sissy! What are you doing here?
- Martha: I can't get in the kitchen or bedroom.
- Charlie: Come out o' them rooms or I'll shoot! *(The two doors open and Johnnie and George emerge with their hats on and hands elevated. The cop motions them over toward the piano)*
- Martha: *(Rushing over to the girl, who has fainted across the table)* She's fainted! Call the doctor! *(She tries to revive her)*
- Charlie: What are you guys doin' here?
- The Men: *(In a chorus)* We came to see Corinne!
- Charlie: *(Turning to Corinne)* Ah, hah! So! Five timing me, eh? *(Corinne, revived by Martha's ministrations, jumps up wildly)*
- Corinne: I don't know them, Charlie. Honest I don't. I never saw 'em before. *(Becoming hysterical)* Really, I'm a good little girl. *(She drops on the day bed, wringing her hands and sobbing)*
- The Other Men: *(In a chorus)* She's a liar; she's my gal! *(They point at her accusingly. Martha grabs her things and runs out the hall door)*
- Johnnie: I pay her rent!
- George: I buy her shoes!
- Frank: I buy her coats!
- Sammy: I buy her dresses!
- Henry: *(In his soprano)* I also purchase her millinery and I also gave her that dog to remind her of me. *(He places one hand on his hip and smooths his hair with the other. They all make a belligerent motion toward him, and glare. He wilts)* Now, now, gentlemen! Be yourselves, be yourselves!
- Charlie: *(Stuffing his gun in his pocket and reaching for his cap)* Well, I guess we're all a bunch o' saps. I'd wear this club out on her head, but my wife would hear about it.
- Johnnie }
George } Mine, too!
Frank }
Sammy }
- Henry: And I would just be ruined; positively ruined. *(They all make a belligerent motion toward him, and glare. He wilts again)* Tutt! Tutt! I mean no harm, gentlemen. I mean no harm!
- Charlie: Well, let's get our stuff off her. I guess we're monkey men, like the rest of the guys in Harlem. *(They all rush for their things. Corinne sits up dejectedly)*
- Johnnie: *(Sweeping his money off the table and rushing out)* My money!
- George: *(Following him, waving the shoes)* My shoes!
- Frank: *(Following him, waving the coat)* My coat!
- Sammy: *(Following him with the dress)* My dress!
- Henry: *(Picking up Phyllis and the hat, and skipping out the door)* My hat! My dog!
- Charlie: *(Snatching the ring off Corinne's finger and swaggering out)* My ring!
- Corinne: My God!

CURTAIN

AN ACTOR'S WANDERINGS AND HOPES

By PAUL ROBESON

About 1915, from a rather secluded spot in New Jersey—Somerville to be exact—I read of the interesting debut of Negroes upon the serious dramatic stage of America. Of the four plays by Ridgely Torrence, one, "Simon the Cyrenian," was of unusual interest. Just a short time before, I, as the "Pastor's" son and Sunday School superintendent, had talked at great length about just that man and had pointed out many obvious lessons. Some five years later, after being literally dragged into rehearsal by Mrs. Dora Cole Norman, the honored president and very fine directress of the Colored Players' Guild, I thrust my 215-pound frame upon the small stage of the Y. W. C. A. in the role of that same Simon. At the end, I was congratulated and greatly encouraged by Mr. Torrence, Mr. K. McGowan, Mrs. Hapgood and others, but the "Law" called, and in the mazes of various John Does vs. Richard Roes, I soon forgot my stage experience.

Fate, however, was still conspiring to draw me away from the learned profession, and in the middle of the year I was offered a part in Miss M. Hoyt Wiborg's "Taboo," a play of "Voodooism." After a short run here, "Taboo" was taken to England, where I had the privilege of playing all summer with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. A most interesting experience this, and I received more encouragement from this noted actress.

Coming back I worked for a time in a law office—still the old urge—then came "Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings." I managed to get in two weeks of "Roseanne"—which I enjoyed immensely. A very fine play I think—and if ever it is revived there awaits a marvelous "Roseanne" in Rose McClendon. Now I'm back again to "Brutus Jones" the "Emperor," and perfectly happy. It's been most thrilling—this acting. So much so, that I'm going to keep on trying to do it.

What are the opportunities? Just what I will make them. As I have met people in various circles I find they are pulling for me. Especially my friends at the

Provincetown. I honestly feel that my future depends mostly upon myself. My courage in fighting over the rough places that are bound to come—my eagerness to work and learn—my constant realization that I have always a few steps more to go—perhaps never realizing the desired perfection—but plugging away.

I've heard this cry of "the chance" all of my life. But I've heard of Aldridge and seen Burleigh, Hayes, Gilpin and Williams. In the field of musical comedy I've seen Sissle and Blake, Miller and Lyles, and now Florence Mills, who, I believe, is in a class by herself. So I have plenty of hope.

True—plays are not easy to get, but they come from most unexpected sources. Before they appeared, who saw an "Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings"—a "Roseanne." And there is an "Othello" when I am ready. And if I reach the continent, which I hope to do some day, I may play any role.

I am unable to comprehend whether they be Negro or otherwise. Perhaps that may come to pass in America. Of course, it is all uncertain. But, tell me, pray, what is life?

One of the great measures of a people is its culture, its artistic stature. Above all things, we boast that the only true artistic contributions of America are Negro in origin. We boast of the culture of ancient Africa. Surely in any discussion of art or culture, music, the drama and its interpretation must be included. So today Roland Hayes is infinitely more of a racial asset than many who "talk" at great length. Thousands of people hear him, see him, are moved by him, and are brought to a clearer understanding of human values. If I can do something of a like nature, I shall be happy, I shall be happy. My early experiences give me much hope.

We who start on this rather untrodden way need all the support and encouragement we can possibly get. I approach the future in a happy and rather adventuresome spirit. For it is within my power to make this unknown trail a somewhat beaten path.

FROM HATTIE'S POINT OF VIEW

By DORA COLE NORMAN

"All God's Chillun" afforded a splendid opportunity for studying the attitude of the theatre masses towards the Negro. This was due to the fact that the story in itself made such a diversified play upon the emotions that the white audience was given a chance to exercise almost every feeling it might have for or against the Race. The reactions were many and varied and it was a source of great interest to note, during each performance, how these reactions registered themselves, sometimes by a perceptible sway of uneasiness when Hattie, the sister, whose role I portrayed, re-appeared on the stage after she had disclosed her opposition to the white sister-in-law, or by a laugh when the African artist was lauded as might be Michaelangelo; or by a pulse of assent or disavowel (it was hard to tell which) at Jim's "We's all niggers" or of Mary's "Give them a little education and they will try to run over you."

It is easier to make people laugh than to make them think. Still more difficult is it to make them admit, acknowledge or refute. Nightly, it was a matter of conjecture just which of these the audience was doing. Each time I portrayed the character Hattie, sister to Jim Harris, I was fully conscious that I might be arousing the bitterest of feeling in the heart of some warm-blooded Nordic. Mr. Robeson must have known that his Jim was arousing the ire of some warm-blooded Negro. I was ever conscious of these facts and took pains to watch for and sense a report of these thought processes operating.

The bitter feeling which the character aroused was different from that aroused by the villain. The latter is expected to say or do things to incite an audience. A young Negro woman is not expected to do this where a white woman is concerned. Even though she might feel strongly, the general white pub-

lic has not expected her to "speak out." Oftimes white people do not think of us as possessing resentment or of our being capable of criticizing them nor of possessing race pride. Mr. O'Neill gave Hattie a rare opportunity and I am glad to have been the medium through which resentment might be voiced.

Personally, the character Hattie was real to me, very real. It was my privilege to have had a devoted sister Hattie, and a wonderful brother, Bob, whom I loved dearly. I could understand so well the hopes, the longings for the best possible success a brother might attain. I could understand the displeased feeling towards anyone who hindered a loved brother from achieving. *And*, I knew the feeling, close kin to hatred, which one feels when called "nigger." I could sense the mental processes which must take place in the mind of the Caucasian who hurls the "epithet."

Pulsing with all this, when Hattie, with righteous indignation declares that even though her white sister-in-law is partially ill, she is responsible for her display of prejudice, for, "it's deep down in her or it wouldn't come out," my Hattie meant it. And again, when she rises to greater heights and says, "the race within me, deep in me, can't stand it"—(what relief I found in the line)—Hattie meant that, too. Without an open, fair minded attitude, Mr. O'Neill could never have put those words into the mouth of Hattie, nor have afforded me the chance to express in some small way, some of the ebullitions that we as a race experience.

There was one speech, however, which I did not enjoy. I suppose it had to be there in order to soothe the white audience whom Hattie comes near "riling." Ella, Jim's wife, says she won't let her husband take any more examinations. To this, the sister bursts forth—"Jim, do you hear that? There's white justice for you! *Their fear for their superiority.*" I don't think the author believes the implied fact. I surely don't and I'm glad of the occasion which permits me to frankly say so. It was the only line in the drama which I always forced. I never uttered it without understanding how the colored audience should and would refute the implication.

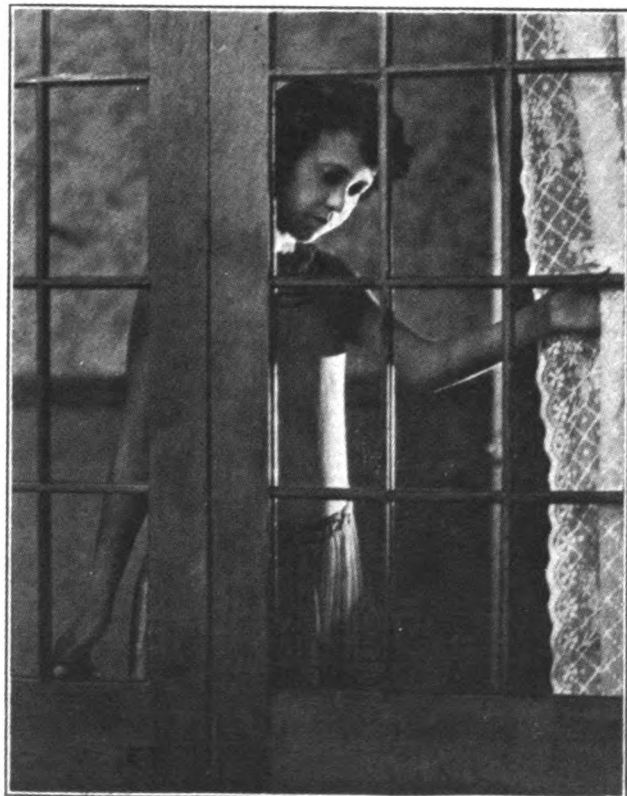
The sagacious, careful selection of the cast by Mr. James Light, the director, was one of the chief contributing factors towards the success of the production. He searched untiringly for types whom he felt capable of giving a true portrayal and yet would not offend a New York audience. His broad sympathetic understanding of the four distinct kinds of Negro characters drawn by the author, made it possible for him to secure results that a less sympathetic director could never have secured. What were the types? There was the educated Negro who believed that love could live down prejudice; the educated Negro who recognized no intellectual or social limitations and who possessed great "pride of race"; the patient Negro, splendidly portrayed by Miss Greene, who believed in hushing up, smoothing over, that white and blacks should not mix—"There's one road where de whites goes on alone and dere's anudder road where de blacks go one alone"; that if they do mix, its "harder for the whites than for the blacks"; and then the loud, laughing Negro, often called "darky." Mr. Light understood these types and labored to have each one contrastingly portrayed.

An interesting fact which we as a race might note is the sharp contrast Mr. O'Neill strikes in the types

of his leading female roles. Ella, the white wife, is a weakling, simple, uncontrolled, uncultured, loving, lacked morals and education. Hattie, the Negro sister, is diametrically opposite. She is calm, deliberate, cultured, educated and endowed with all the splendid traits of character for which one could wish. Think about it for a minute ye who censure so severely! Even though the author may have chosen to show (as some may argue) splendid colored types of women from whose ranks Jim's wife might have been chosen, does not the strongly depicted types of women help to lift a cloud of "suspected motivation" hovering over the author? Only a skillful artist could dare attempt such a bold stroke.

In conclusion, it can be said that "All God's Chillun" might well serve as an inspiration to writers of favorable Negro stories and to Negro authors. The fact that a New York audience would night after night, sit through a play that had as its pungent theme, miscegenation, is proof of the fact that the white public is interested in and ready for play themes dealing with intelligent Negro life. We can but hope this interest may be satisfied. The success offers hope to Negro performers possessing histrionic ability. If a drama be written where colored types are needed to play legitimate dignified roles, the white producer need have no fear of securing these types from the ranks of colored people instead of resorting to the cork. The field is now tried. Negro performers appearing on the same dramatic scale as white performers need have no fear of being hissed on the opening night. The manager need have no cause to fear the damage being done to his theatre. There need be no special policing or plain clothes men to quell any disturbance that might arise. The box office need not wonder if the house will be "empty"—for Eugene O'Neill has solved all this.

He has written and successfully produced "All God's Chillun Got Wings."



MRS. DORA COLE NORMAN

THE CRITIC

By J. A. ROGERS

Author of "As Nature Leads," "From 'Superman' to Man," "The Ku Klux Spirit," Etc.

How Many Murderers Roam the U S.?

Judge Marcus Kavanaugh of the Chicago courts estimates that there are "135,000 murderers roaming the United States," and adds:

"To realize the prevalence of this invisible class it is only necessary to consider that we have unconfined in the United States more killers than we have clergymen of all denominations or male teachers in our schools, or all lawyers, judges and magistrates put together, and three times the combined number of our editors, reporters and writers, and 52,000 more slayers at large than we have policemen.

"There never was anything like this condition in any other civilized nation operating under an organized government."

135,000! The figure is nearer 1,350,000. Some 4,000 citizens were murdered by mobs in the last twenty years and not a single lyncher was punished. That each member of the mob did not have an actual hand in the killing is due to the fact that all could not reach the victim at once. Each one of the thousand or so participating was a potential murderer. Yes, 1,350,000 murderers at large is much nearer the figure.

"One day a year or so," continues Judge Kavanaugh, "during a quarrel between a bookmaker and a horse owner on the Windsor racetrack, the gambler swung his hand to a revolver in his hip-pocket. 'For God's sake, Jim, don't,' cried a friend. 'Remember you are in Canada,' and Jim remembered, and because the quarrel happened in Canada and not fifteen minutes away over the United States line, the horse owner is still alive.

"Again, two bootleggers a few months ago fought up in Morden. One spoke through a bleeding lip: 'Wait till I get you over the line,' he threatened, 'and I'll blow your head off.' The threat was forgotten because it was uttered in Canada. Murder would have happened had the thing occurred a few miles south in the United States.

"This shows why only thirteen Canadians to every million inhabitants die by assassination and more than 100 for every million in the United States. The attitude of the Canadian policeman, even the Canadian Judge, toward the law-breaker is altogether different from that of our own officials. To the Canadian the mandate of the law comes first."

"Wait till I get you over the line." How much that sounds like: "If I only had you down South."

Some day the lawmakers of this nation, instead of coddling the lynchers because they belong to the same race, are going to awake to the fact that lynch-murder is at the bottom of the extra lawlessness of this country.

Hate has all the catching and contagious qualities of fire and disease. Indeed it is a disease of the mind and we are not going to have a healthy-minded, law-

abiding nation as long as the growing generation is regularly taught by its elders to hate certain of its fellow-citizens.

Trotting Out the Old Bogy

Southern Bourbons in Congress are pretending to see in the President's message to Congress, anent the Negro, a hint that the Republican party intends to enforce the franchise in the South or cut down Southern representation as provided by the Constitution.

We have been hearing that for the past forty years. Why, then, should the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?

A Few News Items

"Parisian beauties adopt tea baths to acquire beach tan at home."

Last summer at Asbury Park one could see members of the superior race baking themselves in the sun, blistering their skins, in a pathetic endeavor to get into their epidermis some of that same color, which, when given directly by Nature they affect so much to despise. Life-guards, burnt so dark, that they were eligible for the jim-crow car were the envy, particularly of the women. In the meantime the Negroes were huddled into a corner of the beach between two buildings that shut off the view like the blinders on a horse.

"Girl finds that she is white only on wedding eve"

"Now, Watson, how would you explain that?" "Easy, Sherlock, she had been blind and had a successful operation on her eye that day."

"Negroes of Nation jubilant at the election of one of their race to a judgeship in Chicago"

What is the cause of the jubilation? Is it because of the election to the post or because of the fact that Negroes have forgotten their inferiority complex long enough to support a deserving member of their group, solidly? Six Negro judges and that many congressmen could have been elected.

Arthur Brisbane suggests a law compelling congressmen to cross the continent once a year in order to have their minds broadened. That would be fine if the congressmen could but leave their own psychologies behind. Many a fly has travelled in a Pullman coach from New York to California and back, has seen all the scenery and the immense stretch of land and returned a fly.

Fiction Versus Reality in Racial Relations

Fiction is at best a clumsy imitation of reality, and is nowhere as daring.

Some months ago Eugene O'Neill wrote a play in which a humble white woman was married to a humble Negro. There was a hurricane of words and a tidal wave of angry ink. Now comes

along Life with a marriage between a "colored" waitress and a man whose blood is so "blue" and so "aristocratic" that that of the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Rockefellers and many others of "the best people" is deemed dishwater beside it and the white editorial writers are stricken speechless.

Steps are being taken to annul the marriage but the people of this nation had better become accustomed to such and save their indignation for less barren causes. We are just 300 years late.

In America a white man marries a girl with Negro strain and he loses caste. In Paris, Hari Singh, a colored man, consorts with a white woman and he, too, loses caste. His subjects think him defiled and he is in danger of losing his prospective throne.

This is just as logical as the fact that the Occidental scorns the Hindu for eating snakes while the former eats eels, frogs and oysters; or as the Hindu is horrified that the European eats beef while he eats roast monkey. Taste, like morals, is a matter of geography. Man-kind, civilized and uncivilized, is evidently still a long way from adulthood.

White Blood, Black Blood, Etc.

After the expenditure of \$2,000,000 furnished by the Rockefellers, and two years' research, it is announced that Nordic professors at Kiel University have abandoned their theory that race can be determined by blood. Nevertheless we shall still hear much about "white" blood, "blue" blood, "black" blood, "Indian" blood, etc.

Eight thousand years ago the real thinkers of the human race had agreed that "of one blood were all men made."

The difference in physical characteristic known as "race" is distributed over the whole organism, just as in the case of individuality. To attribute it to blood is more popular because it is the lazier way and doesn't require any exertion.

The newspapers referring to the marriage above-mentioned spoke of it as a "Union of blue blood and black blood." Will the young Rhinelander have blue-black blood?

The Negro Actor and the Drama

In the eyes of the theatre-going public the Negro actor is to the stage what the clown is to the circus. He must not be serious, and above everything else, never tragic.

The Negro actor must jig, he must play the monkey, help the whites to forget themselves, and in proportion as he does do he reaps the shekels.

This means that Negro drama like Negro literature will have to be self-nourished. In the last issue Theophilus Lewis aptly said: "If we really had the love and aptitude for the theatre we're supposed to have, it seems to me, we

would at least make an attempt to do for our actors what we have done for our preachers."

Each is entitled to his opinion. Mine is that the dramatic stage can be, and so far as its influence extends, is a more powerful instrument for good than the pulpit. The latter teaches one how to die largely. But it is Life here, the only life

we know of, that is the great problem. Death has always taken care of itself, and will.

On the stage one sees one's own problem worked out before his eyes. The effect is thus deeper and more lasting than the discourse of a single man, which, however good, usually goes in one ear and comes out the other of the great majority. It is a case of example versus precept.

Besides the theatre reaches those who go to church and those who don't.

Our great need is dramas and a stage. Not until we, as a people, so provide that our best talent may cease playing the jester for tired white people, will our period of real culture begin. A mirror is one of the first aids to a well-dressed figure.

SHAFTS AND DARTS

A PAGE OF CALUMNY AND SATIRE

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER and THEOPHILUS LEWIS

The Monthly Prize:—In spite of the danger of being charged with favoritism, we must, for the third time in this year of our Lord 1924 and of Volstead, the fourth, award the beautiful cutglass thunder-mug to that great political genius, Comrade Ben Davis, renowned editor of the estimable *Atlanta Independent*. The occasion for this unusual heaping of glory upon one of the "original Coolidge men" was afforded by the following sociological contribution culled from the editorial pages of the *Independent* of December 4th:

"Just as fast as we forget our color, just so fast will the color line disappear. When we lose consciousness of the color of our skin as Americans in the mart of business and everywhere, other people will forget it, too."

If there has been any simpler solution of the race problem advanced in the last century, we have failed to hear of it. Here is a contribution to scientific thought that places General Davis in a field by himself—where he can bray undisturbed. The next time any of our readers are about to be Jim-Crowed we advise them to avoid all unpleasantness by merely forgetting their color. The same course is recommended when seeking employment or shelter, or when dodging a contingent of the Ku Klux Klan. If Negroes in all parts of the country follow this advice there will undoubtedly be a rapid solution of the race problem—via the River Styx.

Science versus Democracy:—In an article in the December number of our esteemed contemporary *The American Mercury*, entitled "Trial by Jury," Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes, the noted penologist, inveighs against the old custom of trying a case before twelve men, generally asserted to be "good and true." Speaking of the average jury, he says, "It is drawn from precisely the classes from which a mob might be raised"; and "Hence, the actual choice of jurymen is limited to the illiterates and the liars." After this we are beginning to wonder whether the old American custom of not calling Negroes for jury duty may not be an unconscious compliment to the dark brethren!

Later in his article, Dr. Barnes advocates the sterilization and segregation of all potential criminals—the feeble-minded. We are unalterably opposed to such a step. It would be the ruination of this country. Furthermore, it would be impossible. We cannot segregate all the Congressmen, Christian Scientists, Baptists, Methodists, Rotarians, Ku

Kluxers and the people who read the picture newspapers. The folks who whiten their skins, the citizens who flock into the "amusements" at Coney Island, and those Americanos who voted for Calvin Coolidge cannot be treated in this manner. What would the manufacturers of bell-bottom trousers, patent leather hair lotions and spring tonics do for a living? Who would then support the writers of our street car advertisements, the purveyors of fake oil stock, and the leaders of the Communist Party? Would it be right to starve the clergy when they have served capitalism so loyally? After all we owe our editorial writers a livelihood! Who then, may we ask, would purchase the bonds of the Black Cross Line and pay dues in the U. N. I. A., or listen to the speeches of William Joseph Simmons, Billy Sunday, William Jennings Bryan and Imperial Wizard Evans? Can we embark on a project that would bankrupt the vaudeville producers and the hawkers of lucky rings, lodestones and love powders? Is it fair to take the bread out of the mouths of Fred R. Moore, Marcus Garvey and Bernard MacFadden? No, a thousand times, No! Under our democratic form of government every citizen has a right to make his bread and butter; so we cannot lawfully start something that would make Wall Street the abode of poverty! Even fortune tellers and spiritualist mediums have rights. Surely nothing can be gained by a step that would bankrupt the manufacturers of voting machines and the publishers of dream books.

We have a better scheme. Why not segregate all the sound minded Americans, instead? We could house them all in Long Island—after ousting the Klan members who now inhabit it—and allow the other ninty million citizens to pursue the even tenor of their way. Then the annual pilgrimage of English lecturers to our shores would continue unabated; the Mah Jong fans and Cross Word Puzzle devotees would retain their freedom, and the chewing gum manufacturers and confidence men would retain their markets. Then the members of the Ku Klux Klan and the Knights of Pythias would remain free to roam the American steppes, and America would have at least one civilized state—sparsely populated as that would be. We contend that our plan is best because it would enable the politicians to continue functioning and the numerous character analysis institutions wouldn't go to the wall.

As for sterilization of the feeble-minded! That is even more Utopian. Are we to pauperize the police, the census takers and the school teachers; to

say nothing of the "Y" secretaries? We answer loudly, NO! The writers of "Shafts and Darts" have as much right to beget offspring as anyone else! Science will yet destroy democracy!

Vindication:—Dr. Schuyler has been overwhelmed with criticism, favorable and unfavorable—mostly unfavorable—of his "At the Darktown Charity Ball." At the lowest depths of despondency, he was about to take a drink of Lenox Avenue champagne and end it all, when in breezed the following letter from Ann Lawrence:

"I am proud of your witticism. You really have made a specialty of this 'Culled Aristocracy.'"

One Lady of Means (?) invited some friends to go out in her car. After driving about two hours the friends remarked: "So nice of you to give us the little outing" . . . She only asked them \$2 apiece for gas. There was a party of four."

The prosecution rests.

Minor Tragedy—I had a clean collar on one day last week and not one of my so-called friends saw me.

In Imitation of Yahveh—In the matter of politics the compilers of this page of bushwah have never been able to agree; one of us inclining far to the left while the other is as reactionary as it is possible for a man owing his landlady back rent to be. Nor have we ever been able to compromise on the most efficacious method of making a gal. One is hot for the modern realistic method while the other is just as strongly attached to the mid-Victorian romantic school. We are also at loggerheads on such important questions as the relative merits of synthetic gin and corn liquor, Theodore Dreiser and D. H. Lawrence, home and restaurant cooking, Will Rogers and Book of Proverbs. Even on the subject of religion we are in hot and constant disagreement, the party of the first part believing that the world would be better off if religious institutions were abolished altogether while the party of the second part, if he had his way, would behead every politician this side of the Rio Grande tomorrow morning and install Catholic priests and the more intelligent evangelical clergy in the seats of the mighty.

But on one subject, that of theology, we are in perfect accord. We are both atheists. We hope, however, that our atheism is the result of an intellectual process, if we are capable of such, which we readily admit is extremely doubtful, and not occasioned by the emotional reaction of becoming aware of the crimes

and carnality of the clergy. What we mean by that is that we kicked God out of our minds because we could not find any rational grounds for His existence; not because some rascally preacher beat our time with a brown skin sweetie we were trying to win, or because we read that a favorite pastime of the agents of the Inquisition was to imprison a rat under a bowl inverted on a Protestants naked belly and then heat the bowl. We have always regarded rats as rather loathesome creatures and are never shocked when anybody is cruel to them.

Furthermore our revolt against the Almighty resulted in an *abandonment* of faith, not merely a transference of faith from the Lord of Hosts to some other diety; say, Socialism, or democracy, or Communism or science. One reason why we are skeptical of these modern gods is because they, like Jehovah, are inventions of the human reason. Now the reasoning faculty of animals, if we read our Darwin right, was evolved in precisely the same way and for precisely the same end the animal paw or placenta was evolved for; that is, to enable the animal to live longer and happier. This reasoning faculty was evolved last, too; hence, its functioning is not near so reliable as the functioning of the heart or the gall bladder, nor does it even remotely approach those organs in importance. A man can reason wrong about practically everything he comes in contact with and still live to be eighty-seven

years old, but if his heart makes just one mistake his wife's star boarder and the undertaker around the corner begin to dicker about a just division of the insurance money. More to the point, if we understand our Freud, this reasoning faculty is more often than not the tool and victim of the older appetites and feelings. It no sooner completes the task of helping procure food and safety for the being than it is set to work inventing consoling fancies, and in the course of this latter activity creates such soothing fictions as a benevolent and all-powerful diety, the Happy Hunting Grounds, lands flowing with lager and ale, and the various utopias, including the scientific ones.

Now, while we are hell bent for annihilation, we are not at all disposed to ridicule the man with what is called a "simple and child-like faith in Divine Benevolence." When we see a Baptist praying we are not moved to snicker up our sleeves and then proceed to show him the illusion of his ways instead, we tread softly by him and let him pray in peace, and one of us, if it will make the Baptist feel any better, is quite willing to kneel down and pretend to pray with him. We do not claim there is anything exceptionally chivalrous or virtuous in our conduct. It is simply the attitude we like for people to assume toward our threadbare clothes and the bald spot one of us has. Then, too, we always have an eye out for the safety of our persons.

Sometimes, if you make fun of a man's religion he will knock your brains out, or tell your wife he saw you with a cutie one day last week.

There is one type of believer, however, whom we cannot help regarding as an extremely ludicrous fellow. He is the type we above referred to as the emotional atheist; a sort of John Roach Stratton of the left he is, who, while denying that the second coming of Christ is at hand, passionately believes that the spirit of Lenine goes marching on. It is patent, of course, that this man is a religionist at heart. Furthermore, his religious fervor has not even been sublimated; it has simply been *transferred* from one divinity to another. He is, at bottom, no more a skeptic than Billy Sunday or a howling dervish is a skeptic; and the sight of him putting himself forward as a non-believer is as ludicrous as the spectacle of a dwarf with a patriarchal beard in a baby carriage, a white Negro declaiming for the rights of black people, or Judge Gary defending industrial unionism. It is as absurd, even, as a man ragged as the writer of this skit being proud of having fought to make the world safe for democracy.

* * * *

Fashion Note—Mr. Schuyler has a new overcoat. London papers please copy.

C. Francis Stratford

Schools etc.—Oberlin, A.B., 1912; Columbia, A.M. L.L.B., 1915.

Attorney for—Budwine Bottling Corp., Union Mutual Ins. Co., Ivory Cab Co., Cook Co. Bar Assn., A. M. E. Church.

Candidacy—For Alderman. Only candidate endorsed by Better City Council Committee and Municipal Voters League.

Oklahoma—Two weeks prior to Tulsa Riot won law suit in Stillwater, Oklahoma,—involving oil properties o colored residents of Cushing, Oklahoma .

Two days after riot had to make a hurried trip to Independence, Kansas, to institute Habeas Corpus proceedings for his father, formerly a wealthy hotel proprietor of Tulsa, whom the Oklahoma authorities were attempting to extradite—charges of rioting.

C. Udell Turpin

C. Udell Turpin, son of Charles H. Turpin, owner of the Booker Washington theater, St. Louis, Missouri.

Bachelor of Science and Master of Sciences of Columbia University, New York City.

Associated with Harry Pace of New York City, successful promoter of the Black Swan Phonograph Company.

Came to Chicago in 1921, and as manager of the bond department successfully financed the first issue of stock in the Liberty Life Insurance Company.

Is one of the organizers and successful promoters of the Victory Life Insurance Company of Illinois, of which Anthony Overton is president.

Secretary of the Lincoln Union Fire Insurance Company and general manager of the Lincoln Union Agency Company, is successfully building the Lincoln Union Fire Insurance Company.

Is 28 years of age. Is married. Wife's name is Swersie M. Turpin, who is a school teacher in Chicago schools. Owns his own home at 420 East 45th Place, Chicago, has a car and an apparent bright future.

Right—
C. FRANCIS
STRATFORD



Below—
C. UDELL
TURPIN



B. G. COLLIER

Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Pennsylvania

By CHANDLER OWEN

It is a favorable fable of the facetious that the inhabitants of the good city of Philadelphia are unduly somnolent. Alertness and activity are supposed to have deserted that metropolis by the Delaware. One would suppose from all the talk one hears that a pin dropped in Penn Square could be heard in Camden. Despite plenty of evidence to the contrary, so-called wits have persisted in fanning the flames of this fallacy to fever-heat.

My first visit to Philadelphia dispelled this delusion—as it always does. Since that first day, some years ago, I have continually defended the City of Brotherly Love from this charge. There is much evidence of activity and alertness, among Afro-Philadelphians as well as among the Euro-Philadelphians. Race business is and has been very much wide awake. Many powerful Race organizations are quartered in the city. Prominent among them is the Knights of Pythias. I had heard that a new building had been erected by them and I decided to inspect it. It was not long before I did so.

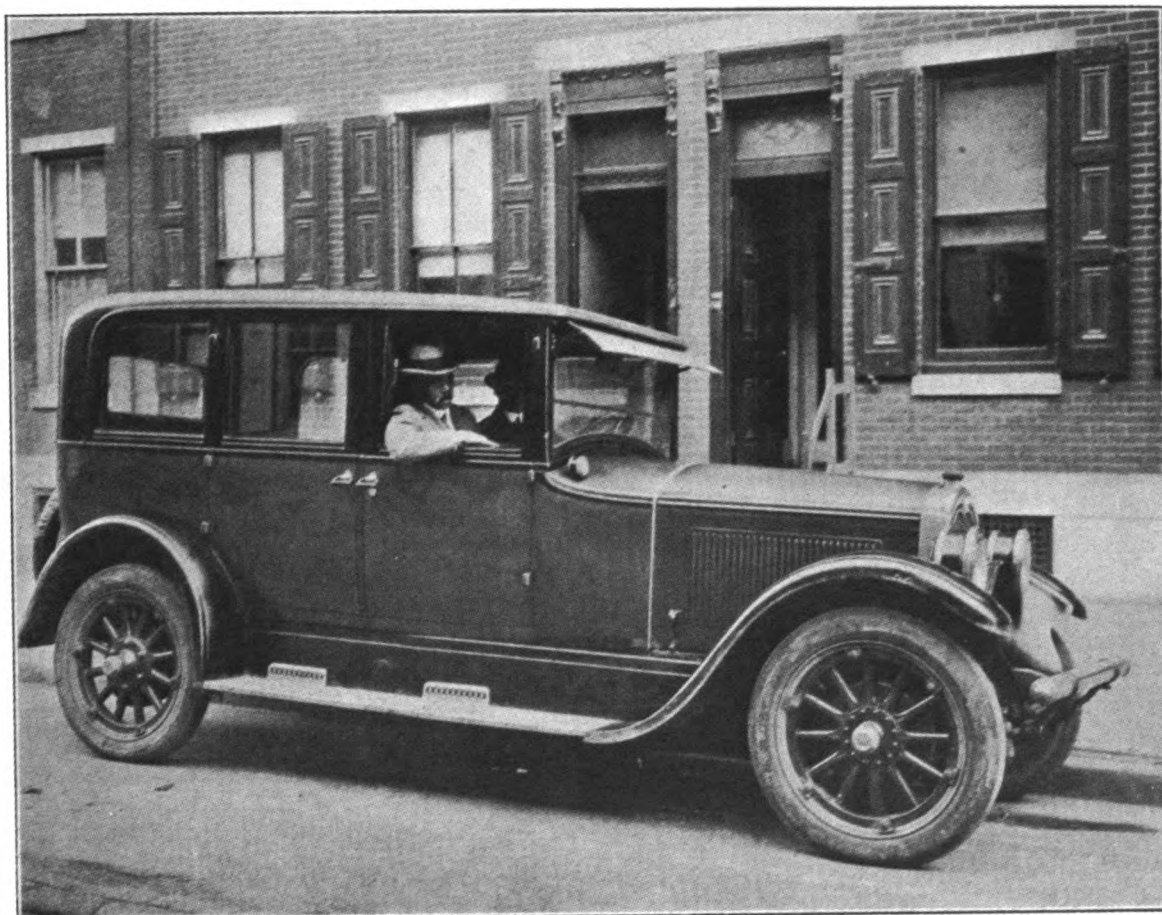
It is a massive building. On this particular winter day the gray brick was in striking harmony with the color of the December sky. I entered upon a spacious hall, well heated and well lighted, both naturally and artificially. One cannot but be impressed by the modernity of the structure. Ascending to the second floor I saw a sign which directed

me to the office of B. G. Collier, Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, State of Pennsylvania. I entered.

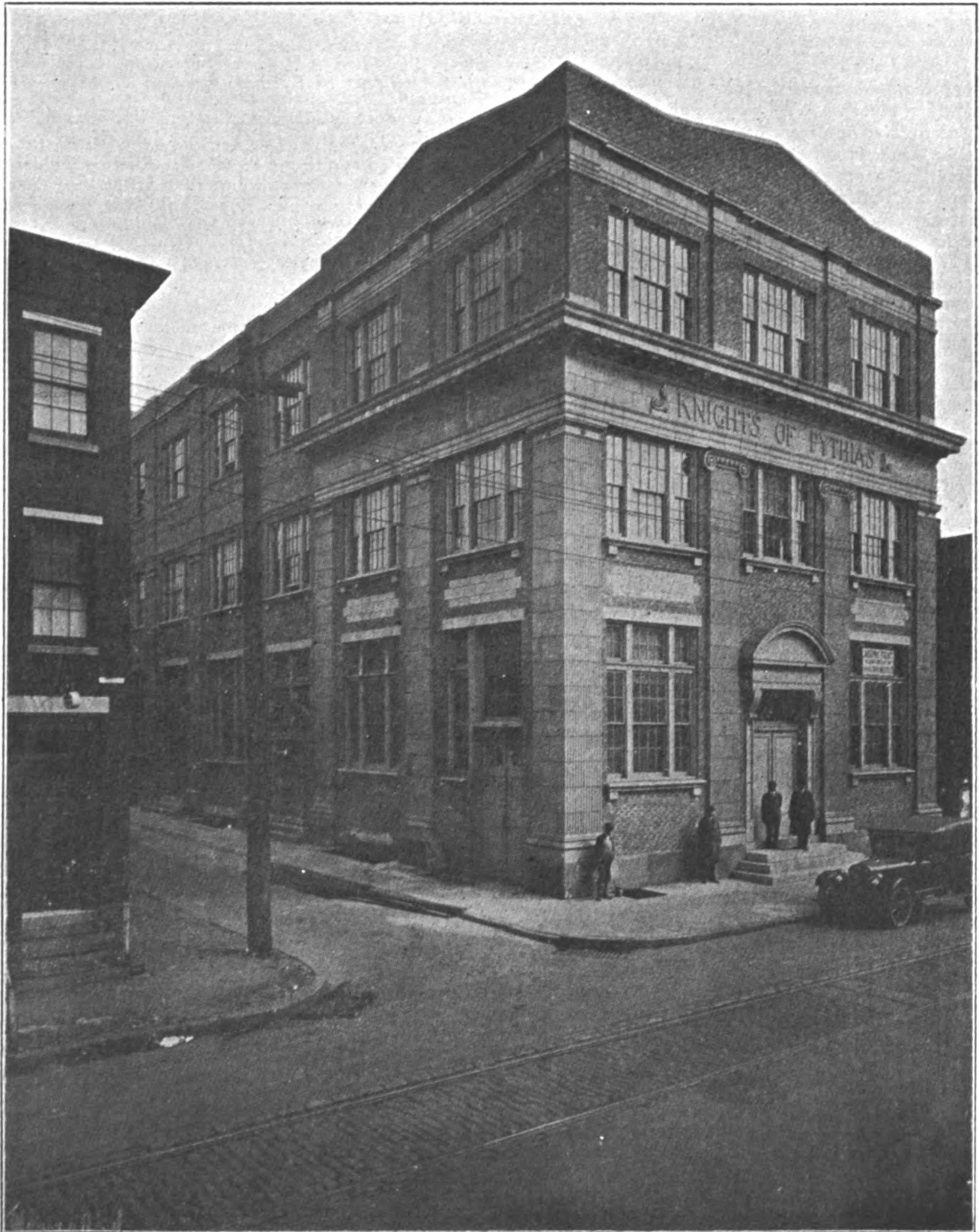
He was busy dictating letters but stopped a moment to greet me. Excusing himself, he proceeded to complete his dictation. Fifteen minutes passed. In the meantime I glanced around the busy office with admiration. Everything was spick and span, up-to-date and useful, alive and going.

"Come right in," he said, leading me into his private office. "Have you seen our new building through?"

"Not since completion," I replied. Whereupon he escorted me from the basement to the roof of what is reputed to be the first fraternal society building owned by the Negro organizations in America. Here are large auditoriums and a number of smaller rooms. One spacious ballroom floor accommodates 1,000 devotees of Terpsichore. Another great hall on a floor below is of the same dimensions. Hence, should a social affair be more largely attended than anticipated, it is a simple matter to accommodate the overflow as well in the hall below. There are a large and sufficient number of check rooms for the accommodations of guests and patrons. These check rooms are so arranged as to enable the three people operating each one, to attend to a large number of people with a minimum of time and energy. Banquets and feasts were also



MR. COLLIER LEAVING FOR HIS OFFICE IN HIS BUICK SEDAN



PYTHIAN TEMPLE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

kept in mind in the construction and equipment of the massive building. There is every facility here for those gastronomic activities so highly esteemed by most everyone. The lodge rooms on the second and third floors, and the offices as well, are the last word in this kind of architecture.

Here is the Temple of not only the Pythians of Pennsylvania, but the heart of B. G. Collier, as well. And, "Where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also."

B. G. Collier, Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias of Pennsylvania, is one of the most renowned leaders of the Race because of his personal sacrifices and his hard labor.

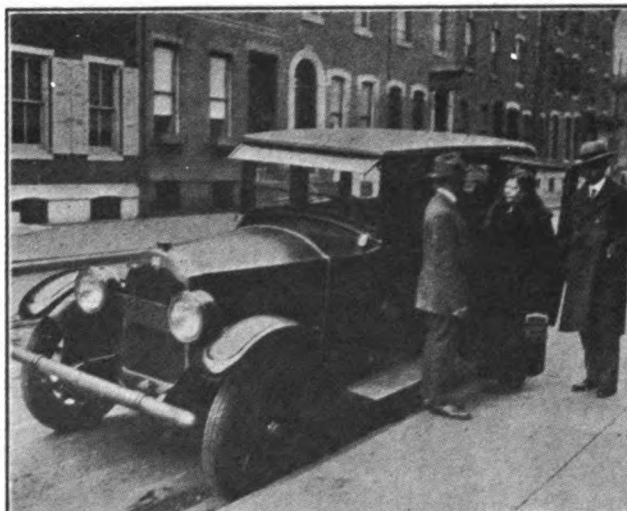
The centuries have given many men to measure up to the standard of greatness; many men worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame, many of marvelous attainments, many of thrilling chivalry, many of great intellectual endowment, and many more of splendid virtue. But above all there is one man who stands out on the horizon of time: B. G. Collier. No single character is, or has been, so deeply loved by the people he serves. Few are more generally admired by the members of the order. His very name is an inspiration to the hearts of the members; his conduct a model for their children; his greatness and untiring goodness, like a ceaseless prayer for their welfare. His life is a picture of love and beauty, and his actions from youth to the present have been infused with the highest ideals of duty. No consideration could turn him from his path; no inducements could sever his inflexible devotion to truth. He is a born leader of men. Like some distant towering peak, he rises from the obscurity of the past—dim by reason of the distance, yet brilliantly visible by reason of his natural ability and greatness.

As Time, the mighty master of events, rolled on, Grand Chancellor Collier saw the urgent need for a Home for old and indigent members and a Castle Hall to relieve the Order of the congested and complicated conditions that had hitherto existed in the building at 19th and Addison Streets, Philadelphia. It stands as a valuable contribution and asset to the Negro's ability to acquire the material things and maintain his place as a taxpayer. The Home is in Highland Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on an eighty-one-acre farm, modern, and fully equipped in every respect. He is also President of the Castle Hall B. & L. Association, organized within the ranks of the Order, whereby every member is encouraged to buy a home aided by the Association. Through this medium there are more homes owned in the Knights of Pythias than in any other Order in the State.

Mr. Collier recently organized the Guarantee Realty Short Loan Company, which under the law permits the lending of One Dollar to Three Hundred Dollars, making it possible for his people to get relief from financial difficulties without being obligated to other groups.

Under his able guidance and leadership the Knights of Pythias of Pennsylvania has grown to one hundred and four lodges, with a reserve fund of \$133,500 (this in cash). The new Pythian Temple at 19th and Addison Streets is worth \$200,000. It is 50 x 132 feet, has nine lodge rooms, three office rooms, with a force of five clerks for B. G. Collier's office.

So modest and unassuming is Mr. Collier that it



MR. AND MRS. COLLIER
Entering their Buick Sedan

is rather difficult to find out anything personal concerning him. But two brokers told us that he has over \$50,000 worth of real estate clear of incumbrance; that he is, in short, one of Philadelphia's most substantial citizens. His well appointed home at 749 South 15th Street is graced by his cultured and genial wife and helpmate. At her disposal at all times are his two beautiful cars: one a Winton seven-passenger touring, the other a seven-passenger Buick Sedan. His polite and efficient chauffeur is on service all day. In the very hot summer period Mr. and Mrs. Collier frequently spend their time at their country home on the farm in Cold Springs, New Jersey.

Mr. Collier is a member of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Collier never neglects to give the chief credit for his success to his loyal aids and faithful co-workers.



RESIDENCE OF B. G. COLLIER
749 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., also 7-passenger Winton Touring car and 7-passenger Buick Sedan. Mrs. Anderson stands in the doorway.

THE CHICAGO DEFENDER

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY"

GET INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED WITH THE MEN AT THE HELM AND THE MEMBERS OF THEIR MATCHLESS CREW



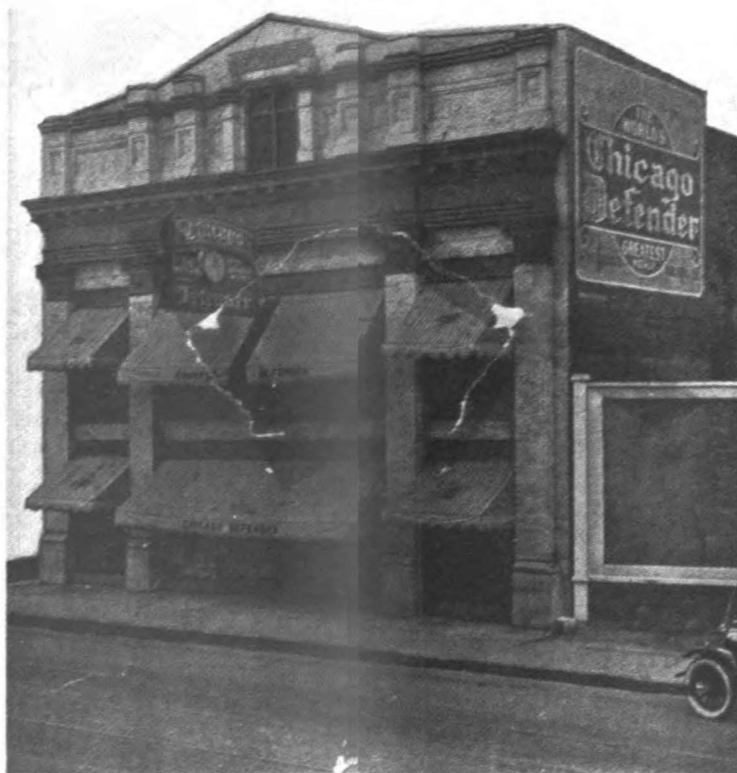
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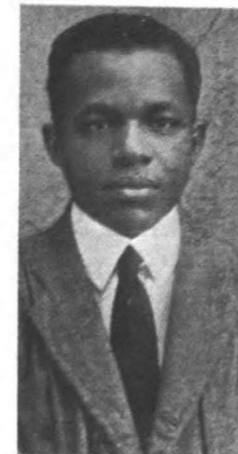
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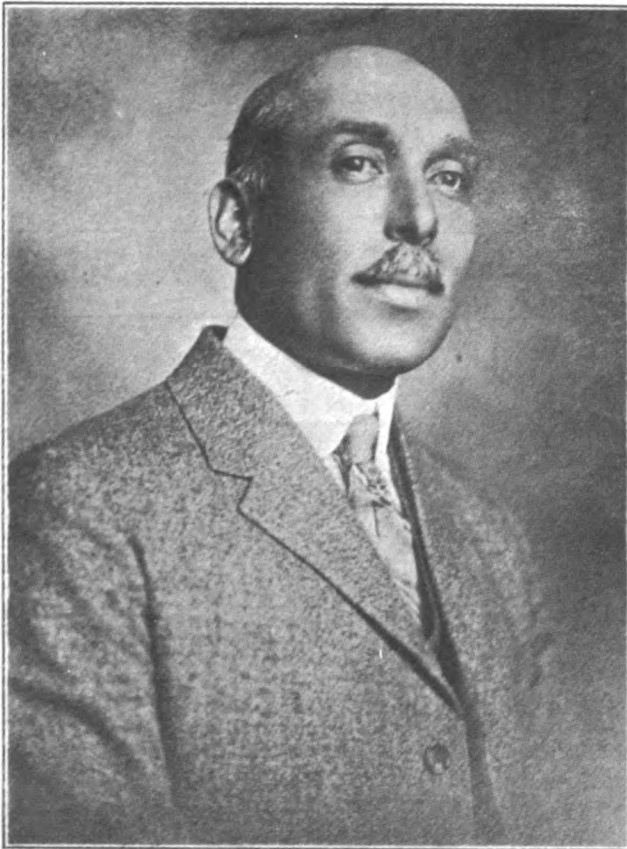
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Our Motto: Nothing too small—Nothing too large

DR. J. E. DIBBLE

Distinguished Physician of Kansas City, Mo.

One of the most distinguished physicians and prominent citizens of Kansas City, Mo., is Dr. J. E. Dibble. For seven years he has been physician and surgeon to the Kansas City Southern Railroad and the Kansas City Bolt and Nut Foundry. He was one of the thirteen freeholders nominated to write the new City Charter for Kansas City. In addition to his other numerous activities and interests, he is the second member of the Board of Directors of the Kappa Alpha Psi, and an active member of the Chi Delta Mu Fraternity. He is especially interested in the Urban League work and is responsible for the Kansas City Branch, one of the best in the country, of which he is Chairman of the Board of Directors.

The following comments from prominent journals give an excellent idea of the career of this prominent race man:

(Philadelphia Tribune)

"Dr. J. Edgar Dibble, resident Physician of Frederick Douglass Memorial Hospital, has recently completed his course at the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital with distinction, the only colored member of the Post Graduate class, reflects credit on his race, as well as distinction for himself by winning first prize as a student.

"Dr. Dibble's ambition for efficiency and skill compelled him to enter the Post Graduate class of Polyclinic Hospital, from which institution he enjoys the honor of class leadership, which could only come to a man of superior mentality, and the citizens of Philadelphia share with those of Houston, Texas, in pride for the future of the worthy young man."

The Crisis—August, 1916

A Physician

"Dr. J. E. Dibble has been a well known physician in Kansas City, Missouri, for more than a dozen years.

In a recent examination for an assistant surgeon in the Philippine service, held throughout the United States, Dr. Dibble won first place in the State of Missouri, and fifth place for the Nation. The examination was not restricted by race or color and was taken by hundreds of physicians."

Dr. J. Edgar Dibble

Kansas City Sun, Sept. 13, '19

"The above is an excellent likeness of one of Kansas City's most original, aggressive, and progressive physicians and surgeons who has made the most amazing advancement to his own credit and the honor of the race that has been witnessed in Kansas City in recent years.

At present, Dr. Dibble is specializing in industrial medicine, surgery, and occupational diseases, and the only Negro physician in America, save one, who is making a special and exhaustive survey in this line of medical research. He is visiting and studying conditions in Eastern industrial hospitals in the cities of Chicago, Pittsburg and Detroit so as to be prepared

Dr. Dibble is the local surgeon for the Kansas City



DR. J. E. DIBBLE

for his work with the various corporations by whom he is employed in this city.

Southern Railway; the resident physician and surgeon of the Kansas City Bolt and Nut Foundry, which employs many hundred colored men; and physician and surgeon of the largest Negro Union in this city, the International Building Laborers of (Hod Carriers) Union No. 1. From his arrival in the city some sixteen years ago, until the present time, Dr. Dibble has been a tireless worker and a constant student of advanced medical theory and needs, and it is no discouragement to any other physician in the West to say that he is one of the best equipped and best read men of his profession, regardless of color, in the entire West, and *The Sun* is always proud of its men and women who, through difficulties achieve success along any line and it is especially proud of the wonderful career and the remarkable success of Dr. J. Edgar Dibble."

The doctor's charming wife, Mrs. J. E. Dibble, is the superintendent of her district under the Provident Association and a member of the Social Workers' Conference. She has studied in the New York School of Social Work, and was a delegate to the National Conference of Social Workers in Toronto, June, 1924. In October, 1924, she was also a delegate to the Missouri State Conference of Social Workers at St. Louis. This is her seventh year as a social investigator. She is an authority on case work; a graduate of Freedman's Hospital, Washington, D. C., and a trained nurse.

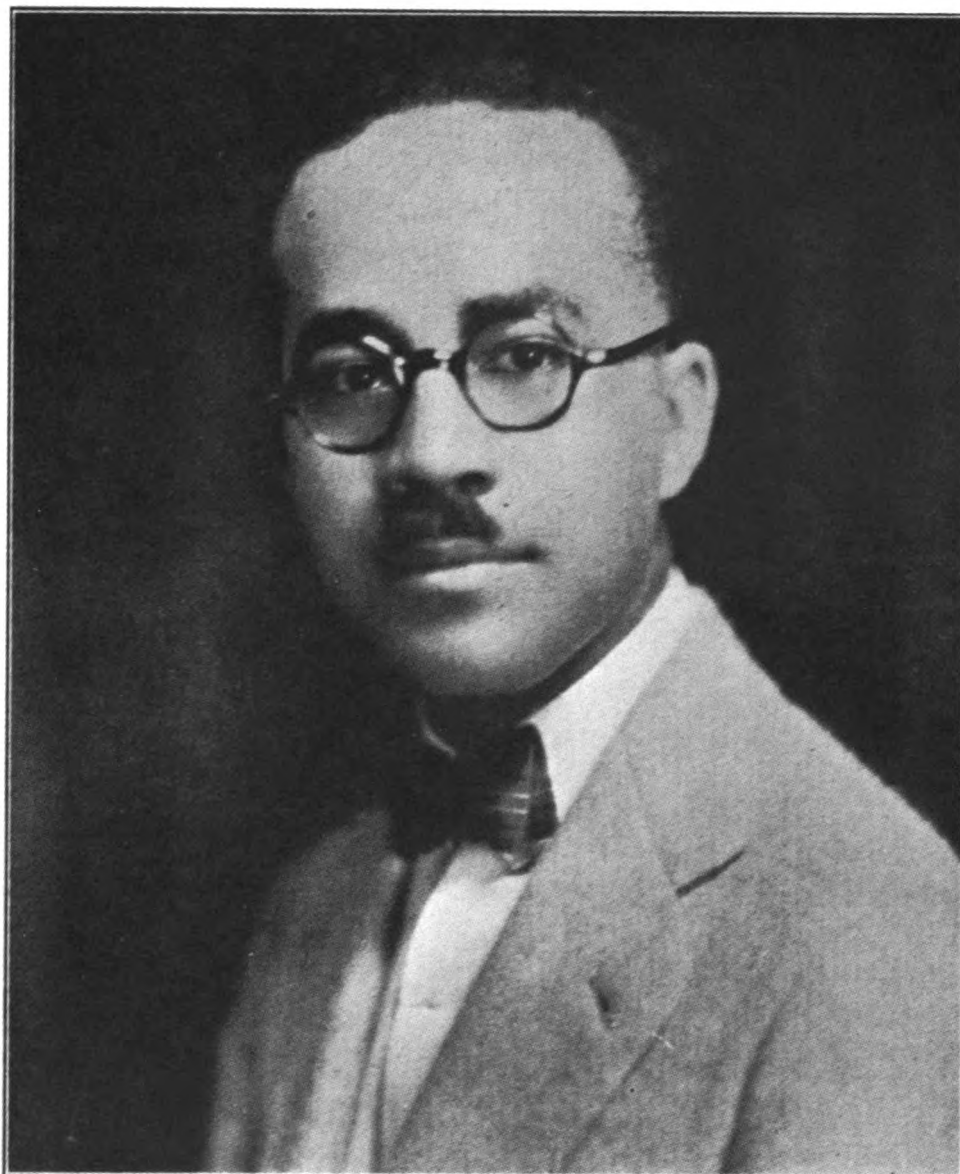
SAMMY STEWART'S ORCHESTRA



Front Row: Mance Worley, Renan Robbins, Paul Jordan, Laurence Dixon, William Stewart, Leroy Butler; back row: Eugene Hutt, David Smallwood, Millard Robins, Earl Moss; standing: Sammy Stewart and Cline Tyndel (back row).

This excellent orchestra was organized about ten years ago, first under the name of Parker (Charles A. Parker's Orchestra), at Columbus, Ohio. At that time it was only composed of five members. This aggregation played at all of the concerts and entertainments at the Hollenden Hotel in Cleveland, Ohio. For three years they sent forth sharps and flats in that queer but intriguing combination known as jazz. Then they moved to the good city of Columbus, Ohio. The Deshler Hotel in that city was the fortunate hostelry. For four years they satisfied the musical taste of lovers of classics as well as the large group who came each evening to woo the goddess Terpsichore to the strains of weird Mississippi minors. It was in the afternoons that the music lovers of the city used to gather at the Deshler to hear these versatile boys render Wagner, Brahms, Listz, Rachmaninoff and Rubenstein. Their next move was not very far—they stopped in Toledo. The Seco Hotel, a prominent hostelry in that virtuous municipality, was quick to engage them for the delectation of its fastidious patrons. So well pleased was the management of this caravansary with their work that the entire orchestra was allowed to live in the hotel—a rather unusual experience for a Negro orchestra in the "land of the free." After two years had elapsed and the orchestra was still going strong, Mr. Stewart decided to accept a lucrative position in Columbus, Ohio. The position referred to was playing a \$15,000 pipe organ at the Empress Theatre, an amusement house

owned by a local colored man of some wealth, Mr. Al Jackson. Of course, an orchestra was also required for this theatre and Mr. Stewart was in charge of the employment of the members. For a long time he employed college boys and assisted many an ambitious young man through college in that way. The call for good orchestras became so insistent and the business so good that he finally sent for many of the old boys he had formerly been playing with, formed a new orchestra and hied to Detroit. At that time there was one place where the smart people of the Michigan metropolis gathered to pay homage to King Jazz. That place was the Ritz Cafe. For nine months joyous couples polished the maple to the syncopated strains of Mr. Stewart's finished musicians. It looked as if they were destined to stay in the home of Ford runabouts for an unlimited time. But lo! a sudden conflagration razed the Ritz to the ground one night. This, however, was not much of an inconvenience to a real orchestra. An offer came from the Entertainers' Cafe, in Chicago, Ill., which they accepted at once. In the meantime, the contractors had restored the Ritz Cafe in Detroit in all its former splendor, and, of course, the most necessary adjunct to the noted place of entertainment was Sammy Stewart's Orchestra. So the sudden closing of the Entertainers' Cafe did not by any means inconvenience them, as the management of the Ritz was eager to again accept their services. Their stay at the Ritz Cafe this time was not



MR. SAMMY STEWART

as long as they anticipated. For only three months did the strains of their music float upon the Michigan air. Then Illinois called again. Again it was Chicago. This time to the superfine Sunset, where they have been playing for the last seven months.

Like so many other people of note, Sammy Stewart was born in Ohio—Columbus, Ohio—and all his staff, with the exception of one man, are Ohio boys. He studied in Chicago at the Chicago College of Music, formerly the Ziegfield College of Music, under Wilhelm Becker, pianist, and student of Listz. In Cleveland he studied theory with Johan Beck, who was for several years conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Melville Charlton and Sammy Stewart are two Negroes belonging to the American Guild of Organists, for which a very vigorous examination has to

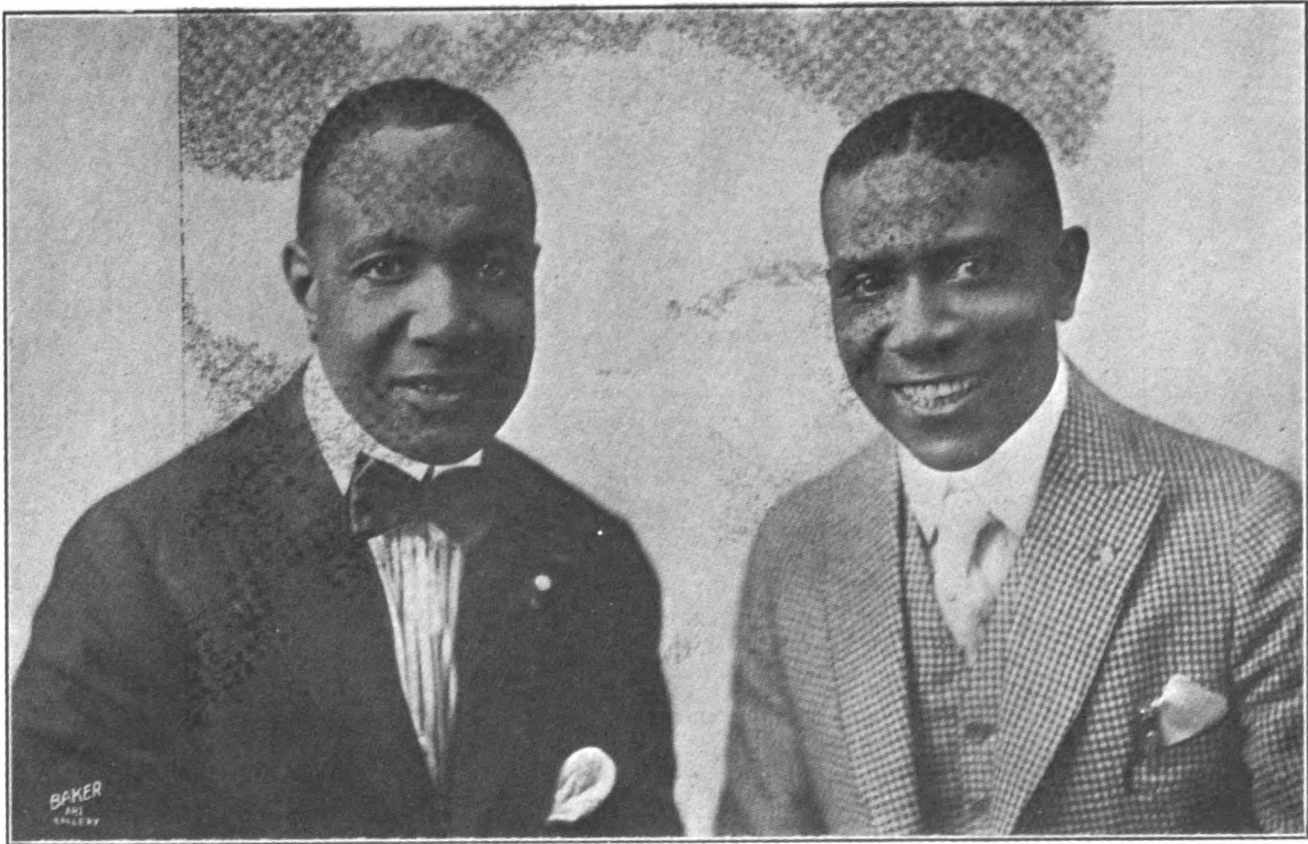
be passed. This organization is composed of the leading organists of America.

Today the Sammy Stewart Orchestra is composed of twelve men who nightly entertain at "The Sunset" Cafe. Their rendition is equal to that of Paul Whiteman's aggregation of artists. Both these orchestras have taken the rough edges off jazz and breathed into it a sort of hallelujah essence which thrills, inspires and moves. It has made records for the Paramount Record Co., both classic and dance. For instance, they recently accompanied Florence Cole Talbert, for the records, where it is called "Sammy Stewart's Ensemble Orchestra."

Recent efforts have been made by white producers and managers in New York City to secure his orchestra.



WHITNEY & TUTT CO.



SALEM TUTT WHITNEY and J. HOMER TUTT

Salem Tutt Whitney and J. Homer Tutt began their theatrical career with S. H. Dudley's Smart Set Company in the 1904-5-6 seasons. They then starred with Black Patti's Troubadours for the seasons 1906-7-8. In the 1908-9 seasons they organized No. 2 Smart Set Company and were very successful from the very beginning. They gained full charge of this company in 1916 and renamed it "Smarter Set," mainly because so many small organizations in the South who were playing under canvas used the title "Smart Set" because of its extreme popularity in that section.

They have written the following musical comedies and presented them in all sections of the United States and Canada: "His Excellency, the President," "The Mayor of Newtown," "George Washington Bullion Abroad," "My People" (presented at the Lexington Theatre in New York City), "Darkest Americans," "Children of the Sun," "Bamboula," "Up and Down," "Oh Joy" (presented at Bamboo Isle, 57th Street and Broadway, New York City), "North and South," and "Little Nut Brown Lady." This last play has not yet been produced. "Oh Joy" received very favorable comment from twenty-one leading dailies and theatrical publications in New York City.

It will probably be of interest to a large number of people to learn that two-thirds of our leading theatrical artists of the present day received their initial training with Whitney and Tutt. These two producers have always maintained a very high standard of show and a high standard of conduct for the people with their shows. Dr. Lester, of Meharry College, said that the Smarter Set shows had done more to inspire the colored youth of the South than any book written on the race problem.

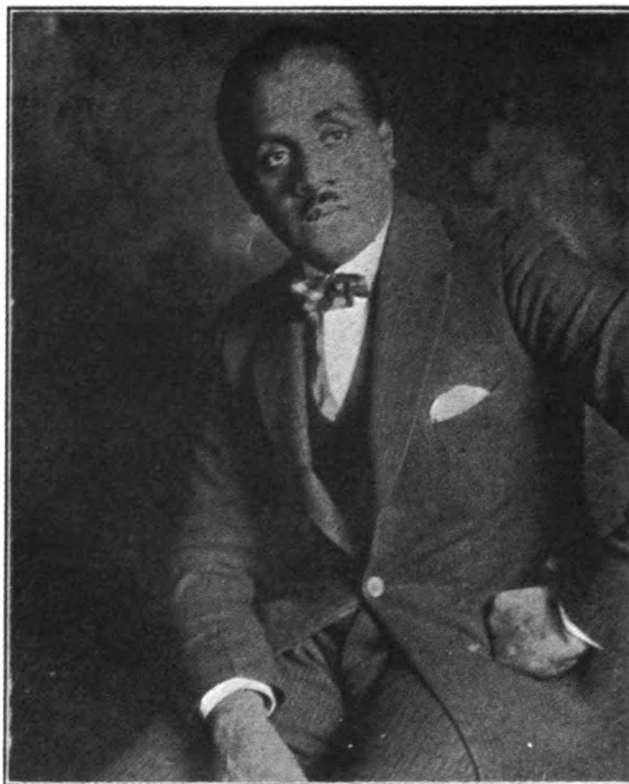
Messrs. Whitney and Tutt, as a result of a great deal of experience in the production of shows, are able to point out many of the evils and handicaps under which colored shows labor. They maintain that colored managers and colored theatres will not co-operate, and that because of this unfortunate policy, or lack of fixed policy, they lose a great deal of money. They hold that these colored managers antagonize each other and fail to co-operate with the producers of colored shows. They both believe that the houses in the East should form a circuit with four shows to play the four houses: in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Each show, they maintain, should play one or two weeks in each city, which would give each producer from four to eight weeks in which to produce a new show. And the houses should guarantee salaries and productions. They estimate that the cost of this arrangement would be from \$1,500 to \$2,200 weekly, while each house would play to no less than \$4,000 and as high as \$9,000 gross, weekly.

They feel that it is a mistake to play shows that are building for Broadway in the colored houses, because other companies built for the road cannot compete with them. Of course the patrons do not understand, find fault with the smaller shows and the house loses patronage while the small show loses money. These two veterans of the producing game emphasize again and again that colored managers must co-operate with the actors and producers. They must equip their stages and have adequate dressing room space and conveniences. It is impossible, they say, for a company to give a first class performance without adequate stage room, equipment, and dressing room ac-

commodations. Cheap shows will bankrupt the owners of many colored theatres. On the other hand, colored performers must study more, work harder and be more dependable.

Donald Heywood

Donald Heywood, the right hand man of Messrs. Whitney and Tutt, was born in Venezuela. He attended Queen's Royal College, Trinidad, British West Indies. From there he came to the United States and entered Fisk University where he specialized in music, after receiving an A.B. Upon graduation he went to Chicago, Ill., where he further studied at the Chicago College of Music. He is the staff writer of Jack Mills Music Publishers. He wrote the scores for "Dumb-luck"—presenting Moss and Frye—and original scores for "How Come." Later, he joined the Whitney and Tutt aggregation. One of the most prominent revues on Broadway this year is "The Passing Show of 1924." The dramatic critics of the big metropolis have been almost unanimous in their comment on the excellence of the music. Few people know, however, that all the songs sung by Miss Beatrice Palmer, the leading lady, were written by Donald Heywood. He is now engaged with Whitney and Tutt in writing a new show, "Nut Brown Lady."



DONALD HEYWOOD



Left to right: MABEL RIDLEY, INA DUNCAN and EDNA BARR

The Harmony Maids

This trio, which is working under Donald Heywood, is one of the biggest assets of the Whitney and Tutt Company.

Miss Mabel Ridley is from Augusta, Georgia, and was at one time pianist for Roland Hayes. Later she taught school at Immaculate Conception and Haynes Normal and Industrial Institute. Joseph Hoffman pronounced her a positive genius on the piano and favored her with much of his time and coaching.

Ina Duncan is from Lawrenceville, New Jersey. She studied voice under Eminial Linguisky in Princeton, New Jersey. She sang in concerts until she was discovered by Will Vodeery and presented to Miller and Lyles, when she joined "Shuffle Along" and later starred with "Runnin' Wild," where she made "Old Fashion Love" famous. She is now featuring with Whitney and Tutt in "The Harmony Maids" trio.

Edna Barr is from Louisville, Kentucky, and was Y. W. C. A. secretary in New York. She studied piano in Louisville, Ky., under Bellime Brockman, and voice at the New York College of Music. She was a big favorite at Station WHN broadcasting last summer.





CHARLES H. TURPIN

One of the Leading Theatre Promoters Among Colored People

CHARLES H. TURPIN

One of the Leading Theatre Promoters Among People of Color

Like so many people of prominence in these United States, Mr. Turpin was born in the State of Ohio. To be specific, he hails from Columbus. When quite young, however, he moved with his parents to Edwards Depot, Miss., where he lived for several years. Then their residence in the famous cotton state suddenly drew to a close. The elder Turpin was a sort of insurgent and iconoclast, and, as everyone knows, such evidence of an active mentality is not looked upon with favor by the kind, Christian, white-mule consuming gentlemen who sit upon the numerous front porches of the state and fan themselves while the patient Negroes slave away for them. Hence, to avoid being the only uneasy guest at a lynching—the favorite Mississippi form of amusement—the family hastily withdrew from the rural district and sought the more favorable environment of historic Vicksburg. Security in that municipality, however, did not seem to be as great as desired; so the family moved again to St. Louis.

Here Mr. Turpin attended the public schools and graduated well up in his class. Unlike many of our young men, he was not satisfied when he had completed grammar school; he wanted to go farther. So he attended the Business College in St. Louis and acquired a good business education.

When he left college his first venture was into the retail grocery business. Not satisfied with results there he entered the commission business. For a time he did a very satisfactory business by buying various products in large quantities and selling them to the retail trade of the community.

Probably every man who ever rose from the bottom to the top has at one time or the other shined shoes. The desire—almost universal where shoes are worn—of wanting to see them bright and shiny has assisted many an energetic and ambitious young man in getting a firm foothold on the ladder of success. The idea came to him one day of forming all the bootblacks into a union and carrying the price of a shine to ten cents—all the other bootblacks were polishing footgear for a thick nickel. His ambition to organize and elevate the price to a thin dime was not shared by the other leather rubbers of the city. He was in a dilemma. One could hardly form a union with one

member and hope for success! So he tried again, but to no avail. Like most Americans, his fellow workers were averse to organized effort on the economic field. Then he did an unusual thing and was quite successful, too. He declared himself a union man and all the others scabs; raised his price to ten cents for polishing the cow hide, and made as high as \$7.50 on Sundays. Mr. Turpin maintains this is the only case on record of a one-man union.

It wasn't long before a young man of such promise began to be noticed. This notice came in the form of a position as clerk in the Assessor's office. He made good there and at the first opportunity he was given a clerkship in the Recorder's office. Later, he became secretary to his brother, who was doing quite well in the wholesale business.

About this time Mr. Turpin's health began to fail and he found it necessary to move to Los Angeles for a while. The salubrious climate of Southern California had the desired effect, and in a short while Mr. Turpin was back on the job in St. Louis. His career from this point is only what one could have expected of an aggressive, industrious, intelligent young man. With only a capital of fifty cents, he started the Booker Washington Theatre in an airdome; then, as winter came on—as winter has a habit of doing, even in Missouri—he covered the airdome with canvas, installed stores, which he rented at a good price and ran the entire institution through the winter. Today he is lessee of the modern Booker Washington Theatre, 23rd and Market Streets, which he has very successfully operated for ten years. During this time he has developed such well known artists as Mamie Smith, whom he started at \$12 a week; Bessie Smith, whom he started at \$15; the Jones Brothers—Jones & Jones; as well as U. S. Thompson, Florence Mills' husband, with whom he worked for a time.

Mr. Turpin's business connections are with the Standard Life Insurance Company, the Standard Service Company and the Citizens' Trust Company, all of Atlanta, Ga.; the Liberty Life Insurance Company of Chicago, Ill.; the National Benefit Life Insurance Company of Washington, D. C.; and the Douglas Life Insurance Company and the People's Finance Company of St. Louis, Mo.



S. H. DUDLEY

Veteran Producer and Vice-President and Eastern Representative of The Theatre Owners' Booking Association

Mr. Dudley was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1873. His theatrical career started with a medicine show at Shreveport, La. It was one of those old shows that used to use a guitar and comedian to draw the crowd so as to sell medicine. After this he began to work in the honkytonks and music halls that thrived in the Lone Star State at that time. The first legitimate attraction he was with was "The Nashville Students," in one-night stands in the northern cities. This show carried eighteen people. New York can put over anything, so Dudley came to New York where opportunities were larger. He appeared with Tom McIntosh and Gussie L. Davis, the latter the greatest ballad writer we ever had.

As a rule actors run through every dime they have. Dudley saw their mistake and profited. He worked as assistant manager of "The Nashville Students" for some time. Then he carried out a show of his own. Adversity attended his efforts, but he kept trying and wouldn't accept defeat. He had twelve members in his company, which opened and closed in Texas. It was known as Dudley and Andrew New Ideal Minstrels. When funds were low they traveled on their baggage. At times they owed the railroad companies for three to five weeks. Mr. Dudley always managed to pay the board bills, even when he couldn't pay the salary and transfer bills. No railroad ever lost anything on his shows, however, and he managed to always pay his performers before the season closed. When he closed the show mentioned above in Hempstead, Texas, he had only \$16 left after paying everybody. Dudley and Andrew received the magnificent salary of \$3.50 per week, while the orchestra leader got \$4. This orchestra leader was Dan Desdune of Omaha, who now has the greatest band in the west. Dudley and Jack Johnson were pals in Texas and were at one time in business together.

Dudley was the first man to ever organize a colored circuit. This was the S. H. Dudley Theatrical Enterprises, the oldest and only successful colored circuit ever organized. This was about the year 1909. He was then starring in "The Smart Set" and saw the passing of the big shows. Four shows were then on the road: Cole and Johnson's "Shoo-Fly Regiment," Williams and Walker's "Bandana Land," Ernest Hogan's "Rufus Rastus," and S. H. Dudley's "The Smart Set." It was necessary to get ready for the Negro theatre. At that time he had about twenty-five theatres. They were going fairly well but lacked good attractions to draw and keep their houses. Dudley saw the need so he opened a booking house in Washington. He did this because the only available theatre, the Minehaha, was in that city. He leased it and changed the name to S. H. Dudley. Attractions were plentiful and theatres too, but they didn't know of each other. Dudley brought the demand to the supply.

At first it was hard to show the managers the need of a central agency. So he lost \$16,000 the first year by leasing theatres in Newport News, Norfolk, Louisville and Alexandria and Petersburg, Va., where, by his attractions, he closed the houses of his competitors. After he would place a theatre on a paying basis, he would sell it with the condition of use of his circuit

service. After that he would go to a manager and offer his service. Upon refusal to use it, he would threaten to open a competing theatre in the city. The Theatre Owners' Booking Association was formed in 1920. Before that time, Mr. Dudley had the S. H. Dudley Circuit which controlled bookings of attractions in the East. Martin Klein of Chicago had the Mid-West attractions. Mr. Dudley and E. L. Cummings held the controlling stock in the Southern Consolidated, Mr. Cummings (white) being the Southern representative. When the Southern Consolidated disagreed there was a circuit formed called the Colored United Vaudeville Circuit, which was operated by Dudley, Klein and Reevin. There were frequent disagreements which led to the formation of the Theatre Owners' Booking Association. There are about fifteen stockholders, four colored: Charles Turpin, St. Louis; C. H. Douglas, Macon, Ga.; W. S. Scalls, Winston-Salem, N. C., and S. H. Dudley.

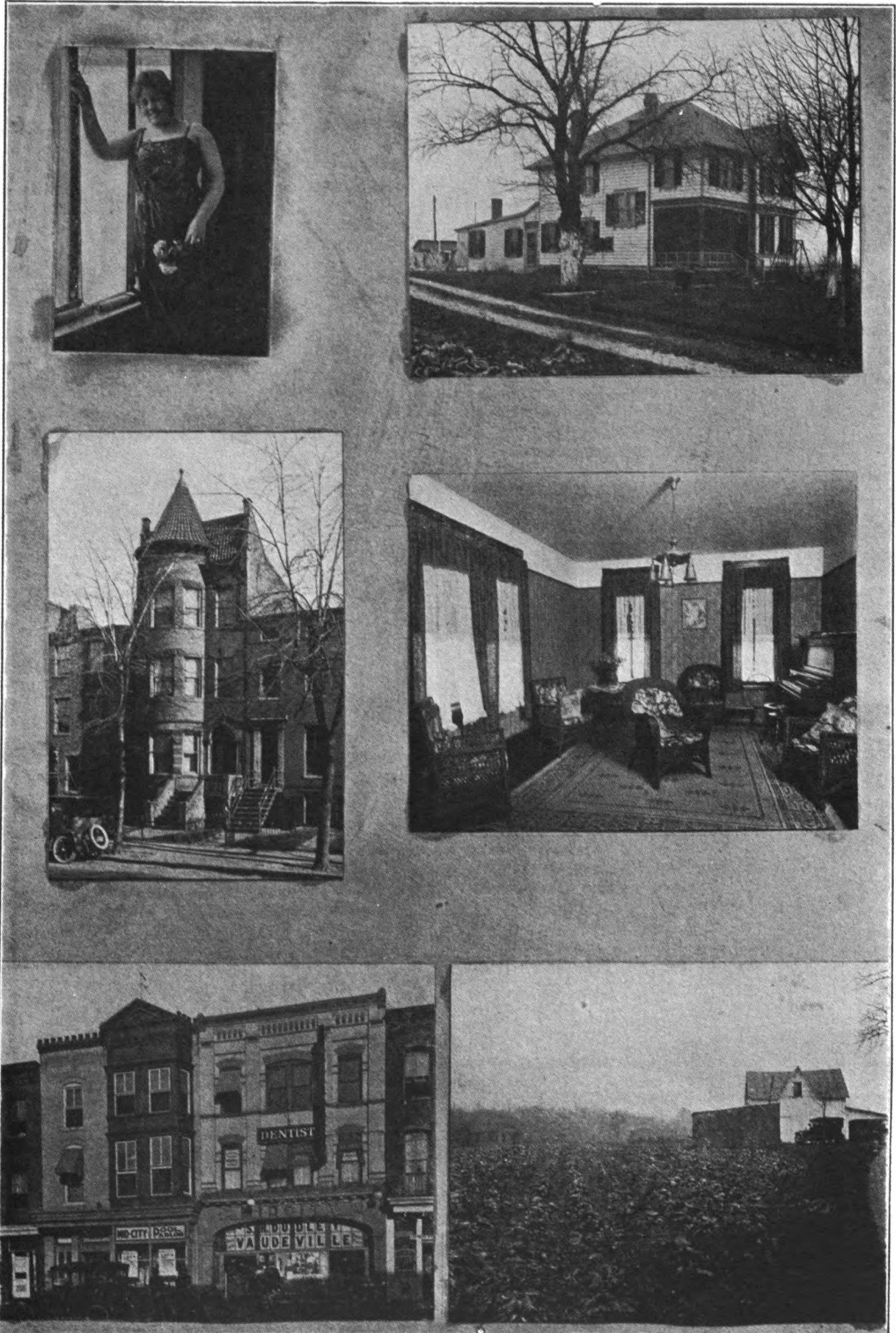
Mr. Dudley has from 200 to 400 people today playing at salaries of \$80 and \$90 (vaudeville). Those with the little tabloid shows get from \$18 to \$50 per week. About 500 or 600 different actors in the group. These acts play to the colored theatres exclusively.

Mr. Dudley says that cheap attractions—moving pictures and vaudeville—were the cause of the passing of the big show. About every ten years the show business revolutionizes itself. He thinks the field is greater for colored attractions today than ever before. This, because Broadway has opened to anything the Negro has to offer and any show is a success which can get the New York stamp. However, he does not think the right show has hit Broadway yet. So far, he says, they have been too much like the whites. He believes the hunger of Broadway for attractions was the cause of Miller and Lyle's success with "Shuffle Along." There was a scarcity of real amusing productions on Broadway. His idea of a Broadway show is to get thirty brown skin girls and twenty black men. The blackface comedian furnishes the comedy, but he is funny only when painted up. Bob Cole, he thinks, was the greatest author we ever had, but he didn't think much of him as a comedian. He was a good actor but a poor comedian.

He thinks colored acts are about at an end unless new acts and more vigilant actors get on the job. There is not enough new stuff, and too much dissipation. To overcome that he has organized a Colored Actors' Union, that the colored actors might have an opportunity of getting together, conversing, noting deficiencies and classifying acts. As it is now, all acts get one salary, good or bad, with very few exceptions. We are not thinking for tomorrow unless we raise the standard of output service. He is fighting with the T. O. B. A. now for better salaries, etc. He feels someone should make a sacrifice.

Mr. Dudley has accumulated considerable property. Only this year he sold a considerable amount of property in Chester, Pa. He now has property in the District of Columbia and Maryland; a ten-room country home on fourteen acres, with a truck farm and all modern improvements, such as gas, electricity and hot

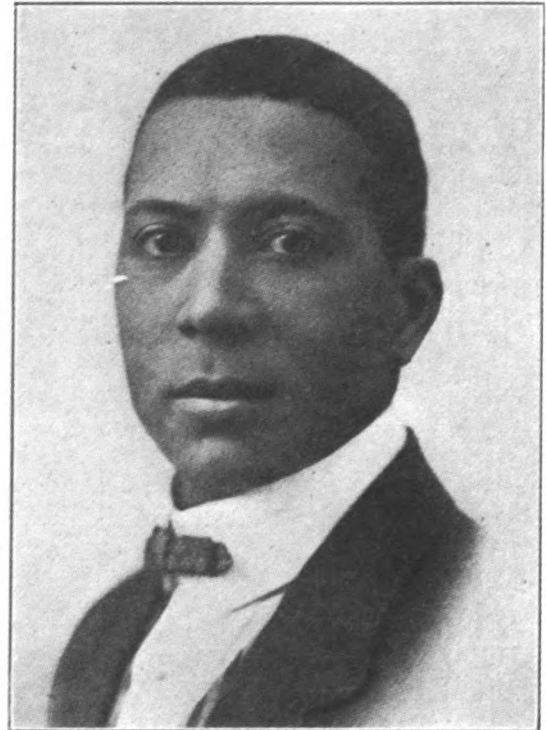
(Continued on page 62)



From left to right—Top: Mrs. S. H. Dudley, S. H. Dudley's country home; center: S. H. Dudley's Washington, D. C., residence, living room in Dudley's country home; bottom: Group of buildings owned by Mr. Dudley on 7th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; a partial view of Dudley's Farm.



THE S. H. DUDLEY APARTMENTS
1316 You St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



S. H. DUDLEY



S. H. Dudley and his famous mule in "The Smart Set," a musical comedy that played every vaudeville and combination house in America.

PLAN TABLET IN MEMORY OF LEADERS

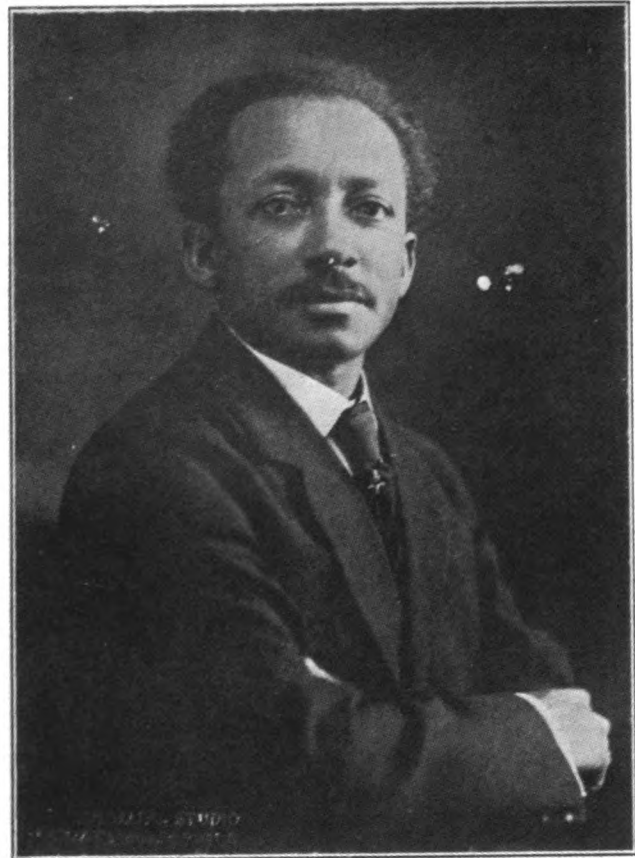
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Mar. 27—A large group of representative citizens met Mr. H. O. Tanner recently at Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church, 6th Street below Pine. The purpose of this meeting was two-fold, to meet Mr. Tanner himself, and to present to the public a wonderful idea born in the mind of Rev. H. P. Anderson, the pastor of the great historic Mother Church.

It will be remembered that Afro-Methodism was begun one hundred and thirty-nine years ago by Richard Allen in a blacksmith shop upon the spot where Mother Bethel now stands. Rev. Anderson has conceived the idea of erecting a bronze tablet, eight by eight feet, to the memory of Richard Allen and immediately associating with this idea other racial pioneers such as Absalom Jones, Peter Ogden, Frederick Douglass, B. T. Washington and others who helped to make history and have been a credit to the race.

The tablet is to be unveiled at the Sesqui-Centennial celebration. A section of it will consist of the names of noted churchmen and also space will be used for the name of donors. It will be a work of art and will stand for centuries. It is interesting to note that Mr. H. O. Tanner will model the sculptored panel which will form the top of the tablet. We have other artists in this country who could do this work, but it is most fitting that Mr. Tanner be selected since as a boy he attended Sunday school in this church, and his father, B. T. Tanner, was a bishop.

List of Endorsements

Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania; Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce; W. Freeland Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia; Mr. Chas. B. Hall, President of City Council; Hon. Andrew F. Stevens; Col. John Price Jackson; Mr. Chandler Owen, Editor of MESSENGER; Rt. Rev. J. S. Flipper, Secretary Council of Bishops, A. M. E. Church; Dr. R. R. Wright, Jr., Editor of *The Christian Recorder*; Prof. John R. Hawkins, Secretary Finance, A. M. E. Church; Mr. Forrester Washington, Armstrong Association; Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor *Crisis*; Mr. J. M. Avery, Vice-President North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Chas. A. Shaw, Assistant Secretary Standard Life Insurance Co.; Dr. Carter G. Woodson, Director and Editor of *Journal of Negro History*; Dr. S. L. Greene, President of Shorter College, Arkansas; Dr.



REV. H. P. ANDERSON

D. M. Baxter, Business Manager of Book Concern of the A. M. E. Church; Rev. W. F. Graham, Pastor of Holy Trinity Baptist Church; Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom, Editor of *A. M. E. Church Review*; Prof. A. S. Jackson, Secretary in Department of Education, A. M. E. Church; Mr. J. A. Lankford, Architect; Prof. Monroe N. Work, Tuskegee Institute; Dr. C. A. Lewis, Eminent Physician; Mr. Edw. W. Henry, President Citizens' Club; Mr. Isadore Martin, President Philadelphia Branch, N. A. A. C. P.; Rev. R. H. Tabb, Pastor Crucifixion Church, Philadelphia; Mr. Wm. H. Ferris, Associate Editor *National Review*; Mr. Wm. Lloyd Imes, Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia; A. M. E. Preachers' Meeting, Philadelphia; A. M. E. Connectional Council.

H. O. TANNER

Dean of American Painters and one of the oldest members of the Parisian-American Art Colony will model the sculptored panel in Europe for the Tablet. Mr. Tanner has recently been decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French Government. He is by long odds the greatest artist of the Negro race. With the work in the hands of Mr. Tanner, friends and supporters in particular, and the race in general, can feel confident that it is in skilled and competent hands.



Sesqui-Centennial Memorial Bronze Tablet

SPONSORED BY

Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church

6th STREET BELOW PINE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Dear Friend:

The progress of any people is greatly accelerated by the realization of the possibility of accomplishment of any deed or thing. In other words, if the present generation is constantly reminded of the many great and worthy contributions of past generations, they will be encouraged to strive and give their best toward the making of a better world.

It is our purpose to contribute to the Nation a torch, in the form of a memorial tablet, which will shed its light for ages to come, thereby inspiring many others to follow the example of those whose names are inscribed thereupon.

This is a gigantic undertaking and we solicit your cooperation.

Very truly yours,

H. P. Anderson

HPA:RRW

RICHARD ALLEN



MOTHER BETHEL AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH BORN IN THE YEAR 1787, 11 YEARS AFTER SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, TAKES PRIDE IN DEDICATING THIS TABLET, ON THIS THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, AND DESIRES TO DO HONOR TO MEN AND WOMEN OF THE NEGRO RACE WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THE RACE'S ADVANCEMENT, BISHOPS AND GENERAL OFFICERS TOGETHER WITH THE LONG LIST OF PASTORS, LAYMEN AND CITIZENS BY INSCRIBING SAID NAMES UPON THIS TABLET.

James Varick
 Andrew Bryan
 John Gloucester
 Lot Carey
 R. H. Boyd
 Blanche K. Bruce
 Booker T. Washington
 Fannie Jackson Coppin
 Frances E. W. Harper
 John Merrick
 Alexander Crummell
 Elizabeth G. Taylor
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 Paul Lawrence Dunbar
 William A. Hunton
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 Andrew Stevens, Sr.

Sojourner Truth
 Harriet Tubman
 William Still
 Nat Turner
 James Forten
 Paul Cuffee
 James Derham
 John M. Langston
 Robert Small
 Charles Young
 Mary Talhert
 Deal Jackson
 Mme. C. J. Walker
 James Reese Europe
 John McKee
 Isaac Montgomery
 Absolom Jones
 Harry Hosier
 Lemeul Haynes
 J. C. Price

Crispus Attucks
 Benjamin Banneker
 Thomas G. Bethune
 Frederick Douglas
 Amanda Smith
 Ira Aldrich
 Hon. Wm. F. Powell
 Peter Salem
 Jacob White
 C. J. Perry
 John B. Reeves
 Henry Garnett
 Octavius V. Cate
 John Trower
 J. Paul Breck
 Bert Williams
 James E. O'Harra
 Stephen Smith
 Bishop Ferguson
 E. D. C. Bassett

Let us Embalm our best in Bronze Who Wouldn't

In connection with our tablet, there will be a reproduction in composition of the sculptored panel modeled by Mr. H. O. Tanner. Mr. Tanner is one of the best artists the world has ever produced. At a very small cost, we are making it possible for you to have in your home, a piece of art modeled by this great man.

Who wouldn't grasp this opportunity?

The replica will be thirty inches long and can be placed upon the wall and serve as a great inspiration to all who look upon it.

Orders will be taken and forwarded to Mr. Tanner in Paris, France. Are you interested? If so, mail us a card for particulars.

Address: REV. H. P. ANDERSON, *Director*

MOTHER BETHEL A.M.E. CHURCH
 SIXTH STREET, BELOW PINE
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Commonwealth of Pennsylvania



Governor's Office
HARRISBURG

THE GOVERNOR

April 21, 1924.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D. D.,
Pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church,
Sixth Street below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Reverend Anderson:

Your plan to memorialize Richard Allen and other outstanding characters of the Negro Race by erecting a bronze tablet in Mother Bethel Church, Philadelphia, is a highly commendable one.

Since Mother Bethel Church is the oldest distinctly colored church in this country, occupying the original piece of property purchased by the colored people for church purposes, I feel it to be most fitting that such a tablet should be raised on this particular spot.

I take very great pleasure in endorsing your plan and commend you for the thoughtfulness and intelligence with which it is being carried out.

Very truly yours,

Effie P. Kitchin

CITY COUNCIL
PHILADELPHIA

CHARLES B. HALL
PRESIDENT
152 N. 11TH STREET

April 16, 1924.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D. D.,
Pastor Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church,
Sixth Street below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Reverend Anderson:

It is with great pleasure that I note your effort to perpetuate the memory of Richard Allen with outstanding characters of your Race, who have contributed to the development of human progress.

The tablet will serve as a great incentive to present and coming generations, and I wish to assure you of my deepest interest in such a commendable undertaking.

Respectfully yours,

Charles B. Hall

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH

FOUNDED IN 1822
R. R. WRIGHT, JR., PH. D., EDITOR
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

June 14, 1923.

Dr. H. P. Anderson,
Pastor, Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church,
6th St., below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Dr. Anderson:

After having looked over the drawing which you showed me, of the historical tablet of the A. M. E. Church which you intend to be a part of the historical exhibit of the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of the Declaration of Independence, I think it is very interesting indeed. I think you have been very happy in your plan, and that the erection of this tablet in Mother Bethel Church at this time, is a very wise and significant thing.

As the whole nation shall pause to do honor to the memory of the Declaration of Independence, no better contribution could be made by the Negro race, than an historical tablet showing the rise and development of the first great Negro independent organization in this country.

Furthermore, the tablet which you have, is I believe, the most concise and useful statement of African Methodist history that I have ever seen, and it cannot help but be an inspiration to thousands who may see it, as well as a source of information to them. I wish you very great success with your project, which has my sincere admiration and approval.

RRW:BC

Very sincerely yours,

R. R. Wright, Jr.


HOTEL LAFAYETTE
UNIVERSITY PLACE
Cable Address: Lafayette
NEW YORK

*New York City
March 22-23, 1924*

*Rev. Harry Anderson D.D.
Bethel A. M. E. Church
Phila. Pa.*

Dear Dr. Anderson:

It gave me great pleasure to receive from Mr. Allen under the contract to do the "art work" on the Richard Allen tablet. I go to work upon it with great pleasure, & hope to finish it to completion as soon as possible - that is - as soon as it is possible to do with always having in my mind to create excellence.
*Sincerely,
W. D. Tanner*

New Opinion of the New Negro

THE MESSENGER
2311 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Telephone:
BRADHUNT 9454

Editor:
A. Phil Randolph
Chandler Owen

March 7, 1924.
March 7, 1924.

Rev. H. P. Anderson,
Pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church,
Phila., Pa.

My Dear Reverend Anderson:

The memorial which you have planned for Negroes of achievement, at the Sesqui-Centennial to be held in Philadelphia in 1926, is a worthy effort.

All other races, nations and groups have taken full advantage of perpetuating the memory of their illustrious kinmen in sculpture, painting and literature. To present those Negro characters through the various phases of art will act as an incentive to the younger generation of Negroes, and inculcate respect among the whites.

Daniel Webster once said that there are a few things in which one takes more pride than the knowledge that he is connected with excellence.

I therefore heartily indorse this effort to embalm our best in bronze and stone.

Yours very truly,
Chandler Owen
Chandler Owen,
(Editor of Messenger)

CO/MM

**PHILADELPHIA
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**
N. E. COR. TWELFTH AND WALNUT STREETS
PHILADELPHIA
April 22, 1924

REV. H. P. Anderson, D. D.,
5621 Haverford Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:-

At a meeting of the Luncheon Affairs Committee of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce held yesterday your communication of April 9th was presented relative to the unveiling of a bronze tablet in memory of Richard Allen, the founder of African Methodism.

I was requested to communicate with you, wishing you and your associates every success in this undertaking.

Yours very truly,
W. B. Kelly
General Secretary

CWS:S.

**COUNCIL OF BISHOPS
African Methodist Episcopal Church**

Atlanta, Ga.
June 30, 1923.

This is to certify that the Council of Bishops of the A. M. E. Church in their Mid-Winter session in Columbia, S. C. in February unanimously endorsed the Historical Tablet presented by Dr. H. P. Anderson, Pastor of Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

J. S. Fisher
Secretary Council of Bishops A. M. E. Church.

The Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition Association
150 Years of American Independence


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Headquarters: BELLEVUE-STRATFORD HOTEL, Telephone, LOAN 781

July 20, 1923

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D. D., Pastor
Mother Bethel A. M. E. Church,
5621 Haverford Ave., Phila., Pa.

My Dear Dr. Anderson:

I have looked through your plans for a great memorial tablet setting forth the names of the leaders of the Negro race during the past 154 years, to be unveiled at the Sesqui-Centennial in 1926.

I highly commend your purpose and believe that this great tablet, after it has served its objective at the Sesqui-Centennial celebration, will live for any century hereafter in your one hundred year old church here in Philadelphia as a source of inspiration for all American citizens who may see it.

It pleased me to learn that you have already made partial payment upon the erection of this beautiful tablet and have the backing of the great religious leaders of your people.

Yours faithfully,
John Price Jackson
JOHN PRICE JACKSON,
Executive Director.



W FREELAND KENORICK
MAYOR

EDWARD LOEB
SECRETARY

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

March 13th, 1924.

Rev. Harry P. Anderson,
Bethel M.E. Church,
6th Street below Pine,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Dr. Anderson:

In regard to the proposed tablet to be erected in memoriam for Richard Allen and Sara, his wife, please be assured of my approval of this very deserving undertaking to perpetuate these leaders and pioneers in American Church Life of the colored group, and particularly after a century has passed.

The effort has my keen appreciation, and I wish it an abundance of success.

Very truly yours,

Henry J. H. Jones, D.D.
President

J. R. Hawkins
Secretary-Treasurer

Financial Department of the A. M. E. Church
1541 Massachusetts Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

OFFICE OF
SECRETARY-TREASURER

August 11, 1923.

Rev. H. P. Anderson, D.D.
Pastor Mother Bethel A.M.E. Church,
Philadelphia Pa.

Dear Dr. Anderson:

I wish to congratulate you and commend you for your very fine conception of such an appropriate Memorial as that worked out by you and shown in the proposed Tablet to be unveiled at the

375TH - CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION in PHILADELPHIA in 1926.

You have my unqualified endorsement of this plan for perpetuating the memory of the illustrious founder of the A.M.E. Church and at the same time furnishing the general church and the public with valuable information of the rise and progress of the Race.

Very sincerely yours,

J. R. Hawkins,
Secretary of Finance
A.M.E. Church

WHO WOULDN'T

In connection with our tablet, there will be a reproduction in composition of the sculptored panel modeled by Mr. H. O. Tanner. Mr. Tanner is one of the best artists the world has ever produced. At a very small cost we are making it possible for you to have in your home, a piece of art modeled by this great man.

Who wouldn't grasp this opportunity?

This replica will be thirty inches long and can be placed upon the wall and serve as a great inspiration to all who look upon it.

Orders will be taken and forwarded to Mr. Tanner in Paris, France. Are you interested? If so, mail us a card for particulars.

Address:

REV. H. P. ANDERSON, *Director*
MOTHER BETHEL A.M.E. CHURCH
SIXTH STREET, BELOW PINE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EDWARD H. WILSON

Proprietor of the Olga Hotel, New York's Finest Hostelry for Negroes

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

It was in the afternoon of a pleasant day in December when I walked in to the lobby of the Hotel Olga for an interview with its proprietor. I had been waiting only a few moments when a tall, heavy set grown man, stately and dignified in appearance, approached me and extending his hand, greeted me cordially: "How do you do, Mr. Randolph." Mr. Wilson is quiet and modest in manner; direct, deliberate and courteous.

Having stated my mission, we ascended to the beautifully appointed waiting room, where, seated in cozy rockers, we chatted for over an hour on many subjects. It was with difficulty that I was able to keep Mr. Wilson on the subject of himself.

I learned that he first saw the light of day in Arkansas where his father was a farmer and cattle raiser. He attended the school in the vicinity, later going to high school and finally graduating from Lincoln University. After he finished college, the old outdoor life claimed him, and for some time after graduation he devoted himself to cattle raising and farming. In 1904 he entered the drug store business and afterwards the amusement and hotel business. He remained in this field until 1912.

When I asked him why he came to New York, he answered promptly in clear, concise diction: "Observing the trend of the exodus from the South, I decided to come North. I located in New York City because I regarded it as the Mecca for Negro Business." His efforts in the new territory were evidently crowned with success, for in 1920 he opened the Hotel Olga of which he is proprietor and manager.

Though Mr. Wilson has every appearance of opulence, ease, security and a culture not generally possessed by the average business man, he is a product of a hard struggle upward. He was not one of those born with a silver spoon in his mouth. But, as most men of affairs in the world today who have achieved success and influence in the world of business, he worked his way through school and has struggled hard for everything he has gained.

When I questioned him with regard to the operation of color as a handicap to the Negro business man, he observed, with his characteristic caution and thoughtfulness that: "The color line is a decided handicap, in that it militates against Negro business men receiving credit such as white business men receive." It is his opinion that a Negro business man who has a reputation for honesty and thrift in the South can get much more credit than he can obtain in the North.

With keen philosophic insight into Southern white psychology, he made the following interesting observation: "A Southern white man will be a staunch friend of a Negro, but not of the race as a whole. In the North," he continued, "white captains of industry do not recognize a Negro's business ability. Hence, the Negro business man can seldom get credit—the life blood of all business. The North is presumably for the race as a whole."

When I asked him why he entered the field of business, he replied that he acted against the wishes of his family and relatives who wanted him to be a doctor, lawyer or preacher. But he had a penchant for affairs which required managerial ability. He wanted to build up businesses which would be a means of affording opportunities to young men and women of the race

who were denied them by concerns owned and operated by whites.

Speaking of the virtues and shortcomings of the Negro business man, Mr. Wilson, his voice a composite of hope, assurance and iron resolution, said that, "Patience, in the face of indescribable hardship and persecution, is his chief virtue. For it is the manifestation of a dogged will to hold on and hold out—the secret and key to success in any field of endeavor. His shortcomings are to be summed up in the lack of organization to stand behind the individual businesses with moral and financial backing. Business unity is absolutely essential. All other groups have such organizations. Still it is manifest that the Negro is making great progress in business and he is beginning to sense the value of business organization.

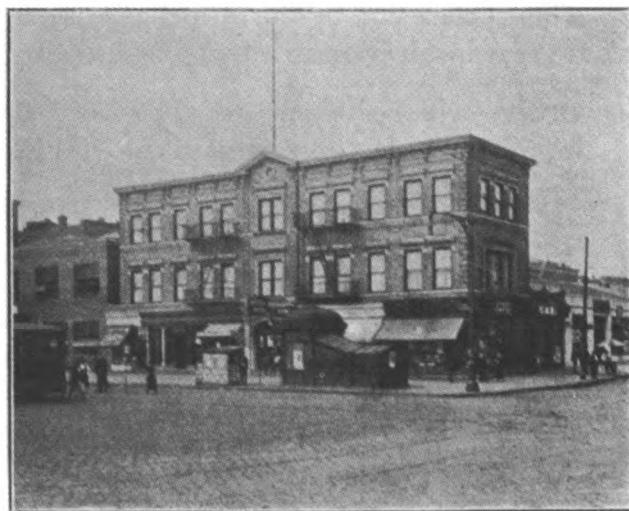
Then, regarding me with discerning gaze the while, he pointed out that on account of color and race prejudice, the Negro business man is confined to doing business with practically only Negroes, while the white business man, a Chinese or a Japanese has as his market all races colors, creeds and nationalities. And taking this into consideration, the Negro has accomplished much. He spoke also on the need for the cultivation of more vision on the part of the Negro business man. This he contended, is the basis of commercial expansion and bigger business development.

Like many other prominent business men of the community, Mr. Wilson is a member of the Masonic Order. He is deeply interested in all civic improvements that tend toward race uplift. He has a big liberal heart for worthy race movements. He has one brother, Dr. Wiley Wilson, a very prominent physician in New York City.

His wife, Mrs. Beatrice Wilson, a charming and cultured lady, is active and prominent in New York society.

During the entire course of our conversation, Mr. Wilson had been smoking a fragrant Havana cigar, one of the brand that even a non-smoker finds to possess a delicate aroma.

After a tour of the well furnished and excellently appointed building, accompanied by the genial host, I bade him adieu and stepped out amid the busy traffic of Lenox Avenue.



HOTEL OLGA



EDWARD H. WILSON AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS



LOIS WILSON
In High School, New York City



EDDIE IRENE WILSON
University of Southern California

S. H. Dudley*(Continued from page 50)*

and cold running water; two beautiful lots in Annapolis, where he can look right into the Naval Academy (both places have cottages for caretakers), at 1316 You Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., he has an apartment house with sixteen apartments; at 1223 7th Street, N. W., he has an office and business property; at 1225 7th Street, N. W., a pool room with apartments above; his residence at 1219 Sixth Street, N. W., and a nine-room dwelling at 909 Westminster Street. Just recently he sold out a stable of thoroughbred racers—six horses—among whom was a good stake winner, "Strut Miss Lizzie." As an ex-jockey Mr. Dudley knows the business thoroughly. In addition to the property mentioned above, Mr. Dudley has two cars—a Buick 1923 model, seven-passenger sedan, and a Stephens 1922 model, drome sedan. He carries a \$10,000 life insurance.

Mrs. Dudley is a Georgia girl. She started working for Mr. Dudley the first year of his business. They were married last year. He gives her credit for all his success.

Same Old Blues*(Continued from page 15)*

ing to the way I reason, Paul Robeson's superlative work in "All God's Chillun Got Wings" does not establish the fact of racial genius for the theatre. It merely proves that Robeson is a mighty fine actor.

Theatre*(Continued from page 18)*

From the unintelligible tomfoolery involving a statue of Lincoln and a lot of hands waving to the skit called "The Chink and the Sailor," the show is, in the main, second-hand and cheap. Its ghost scene, the obligatory scene of colored musical shows, is the worst one I've ever clapped my eyes on. As a spectacle, the show is infinitely inferior to "The Follies" or "The Chocolate Dandies." And Mr. Leslie impudently thrusts his show forward as an apologist for the Negro race.

One of the bright spots in the show is Shelton Brooks. This comedian, I believe, is in a fair way to surpass the late Bert Williams, if he can find a producer who will keep him at work and give him his head. Cora Green is quite good enough to be a leading lady on her own.

Florence Mills is incomparable. She is the most consummate artist I have ever seen on the musical show stage. She has perfect control of both the technique of restraint and the technique of abandon. In the earlier scenes of "From Dixie to Broadway" she employs restraint. But when she sings her song, "I'm Just a Little Blackbird," she lets herself out, and—My God! man, I've never seen anything like it! Not only that, I never imagined such a tempestuous blend of passion and humor could be poured into the singing of a song. I never expect to see anything like it again, unless I become gifted with second sight and behold a Valkyr riding ahead of a thunderstorm. Or see Florence Mills singing another song.



Dr. CHARLES M. THOMPSON

Howard University Prep., 1914.
Howard University, College of Arts and Science, 1920, B.S.
Northwestern University, 1924, D.D.S.
1917-1919, U. S. Army, 1st Lieut., serving in Field Artillery at Camp Dix. Commanding Officer Army Post at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.
Associated with movement to obtain officers' training camp at Des Moines. Visiting the larger universities of the South in interest of the same.
President, Northwestern University Dental Club.
Vice President, YOUR CAB COMPANY, Chicago.
Member Board of Directors and Cashier of LINCOLN UNION FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Chicago.

Don't miss the February MESSENGER. Make your first New Year resolution a subscription to the world's greatest Negro monthly. Read everywhere by everybody who's anybody. 15 cents a copy. \$1.75 a year.

In the February MESSENGER: A clever and entertaining discussion of the social significance of "The Black and Tan Cabaret," by Chandler Owen.

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For All Baths. Sanitarium has 10 Rooms, Diet and Operating Rooms****Hotel has 56 Rooms; Telephone, Hot and Cold Running
Water in Every Room. Rates \$1 to \$3 per day****BATH RATES:****21 Baths . . . \$13.00—10 Baths . . . \$6.50****21 Baths to Pythians and Calantheans, \$8.50**

A Message from Mortimer M. Harris to His Patrons

THE old year has gone. It is now history. The New Year is upon us, fresh with its impetus of improved business and industrial activity. It promises to be one of the most prosperous years of the American nation. Thousands of people will be able to lay aside a few hundred or a few thousand dollars. But it need not lie idly in banks very long. It ought to be working. There are hundreds of good bargains to be had in homes; either for living purposes for yourself or to be rented to tenants. You not only then get a good return on your property but you get the increased value of your property—the unearned increment. A thrifty, far-visioned person may easily invest a couple of thousand dollars in two pieces of property which will yield \$75 per month each, or \$150 together—a moderately good living when he happens to be out of work or sick. We would not close the year 1924 without thanking our splendid patrons who have used this firm for counsel and guidance in their property purchases. To neglect to express our gratitude to them would leave unpaid one of our most important debts.

Among our patrons are such nationally known characters as Dr. John R. Hawkins; Mr. S. H. Dudley, theatre manager; Messrs. R. H. Rutherford and S. W. Rutherford, president and treasurer, and secretary of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company; Dr. J. C. Dowling, proprietor of a great eye hospital in Washington, D. C.; and Dr. A. B. Penn, Alexandria, Va.

The foregoing are big buyers and investors. Yet we give the same courtesy and attention to the person trying to buy a small cottage that we do to the financial magnate who purchases a stone mansion. We seek and court the trade of all whether rich or poor, so-called high or low.

Our offices are open daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., where polite well-informed real estate men will give your interest respectful attention. Call on us and let us help you settle that home question. If you plan to come to Washington, write us before you arrive.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

MORTIMER M. HARRIS

613 "F" Street, Northwest

Washington, D. C.



An old adage said:

"A sound mind in a sound body"

Equally true would it have been to say:

"A sour mind in a sour body"

But why be sour?

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wishes to hear from those students who at any time attended the RHODES PREPARATORY SCHOOL or the MANHATTAN PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

DEAR FRIENDS:

During the past 22 years I have had the pleasure of meeting many of you who have attended either of the above schools, of which I was the founder and principal.

I wish to organize a school alumni, and I want to hear from every one of our former students.

I have severed all connection with the Rhodes School and I am now devoting myself entirely to the MANHATTAN PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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A Happy New Year Message From T. W. CHAMPION

THIS year 1925 is to us a very significant thing. It is a milestone of achievement closing an era of unprecedented progress, and we have cause to be quite proud of the things which have been done. The number of Race enterprises have more than tripled; the whole social standing has been unbelievably raised; even brighter things are in store for the future.

The T. W. CHAMPION REALTY AGENCY & LOAN CO. is glad that it has had the opportunity to have seen this advancement. We have seen our people rise from renters to property owners in countless instances. Property ownership is the surest sign of establishment and influence within a community. When a man purchases a piece of property or a home he purchases security; a safe, certain, steady income; and, in Chicago, a very probable substantial profit; for Chicago real estate is beyond a doubt the best real estate in the world. Our people have come to realize this and are becoming educated to the ease of acquiring this property of vast possibilities. Hence the rapid strides which have been made and which will be even greater in the time to come.

The T. W. CHAMPION REALTY AGENCY & LOAN CO. is, in its humble way, proud of the part it has played in this advance. Over the past twelve years we have created a record particularly gratifying to our customers and to ourselves. Hard work, a thorough and keen study of the problems which arise, and a complete knowledge of the field have enabled us to meet with very satisfactory success. We have a long list of happy clients, of more than satisfied buyers and sellers, for we have attempted to do more than buy and sell—we have given service, a service which is distinctive. At the present time we are in a position to render a complete, time-tried, efficient real estate service.

We want to continue to be of real value to the community, to place people in their own homes, and it can be done. It will be done. Our people will continue to make money in Chicago real estate. Right at the present time we are offering several exceptional properties worth while anyone's investigation. We will be glad and ready at any time to offer our aid in the solution of your real estate problems. Come in and see us. Look over our list. Have a friendly chat with T. W. CHAMPION, President

**NOTHING TOO LARGE — NOTHING TOO SMALL
OUR MOTTO A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL**



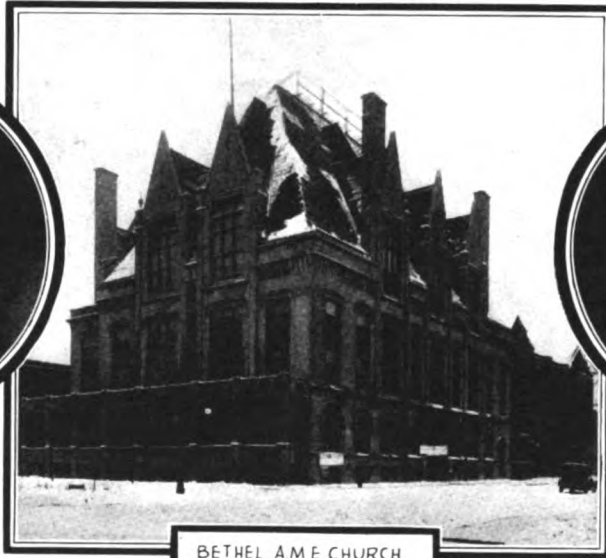
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A GROUP OF BUILDINGS SOLD BY T. W. CHAMPION COMPANY

Mention THE MESSENGER

The Security Loan and Investment Association

Office, 1816 Vine Street, Kansas City, Missouri

Capital \$50,000.00

Assets \$160,000.00

- 1—Its Achievement
- 2—What Its Purpose Is
- 3—How It Loans Its Money
- 4—Its Place of Business
- 4—Its Certificate Value
- 6—How Its Stock Is Sold
- 7—Who Its Officers Are

1—The Company's Achievements

About two years ago the Security Loan & Investment Association organized and began doing business in its office, 918 East 21st Street.

A lot of people at that time said that it could not be done, but looking back at the achievements that the Company has accomplished since its organization should be a sufficient guarantee to the public in general that it can be done.

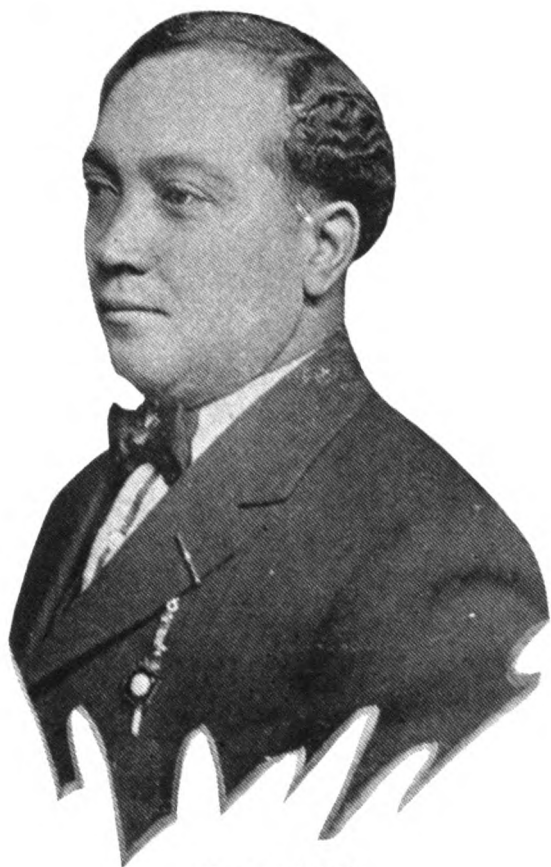
The company unquestionably has gone over big—from the original capital of \$10,000.00 invested, this capital has grown to \$120,000.00 in two years. One might wonder how this was done; and we want to answer by saying to the public that the key to this success was co-operation. We have learned that nothing worth while has ever been attained by simply wishing for it, it takes hard and conscientious work and practical application to obtain the good things in life and this was true to obtain the success of the Security Loan & Investment Association.

The property at the northwest corner of 21st and Harrison Streets, now owned by the



Company, 172 ft. x 192, consisting of 19 modern six-room apartment flats, has a rental income of \$8,000.00 per year. This property has vacant land enough when it is improved to increase the rental to \$12,000.00 per year. This property is easily worth \$75,000.00. The property at 2435 Woodland Avenue is also owned by the Company, a nine-room frame duplex worth \$4,000.00, and has a rental income of \$480.00 per year.

The office building at 1816 Vine Street, the home of the company is another valuable piece of property owned by the company which is strictly modern and has on the second floor two



H. L. KINSLER

office rooms and a reception room and in the rear it has a four-room apartment besides the first floor that the company occupies. The building has a rental income of \$800.00 per year. The building is newly built by the company and is worth \$20,000.00.

In addition to the Kansas City property the company owns four (4) lots in Baldwin, Michigan, worth \$640.00.

The company also has \$20,000.00 invested in first and second mortgages, real estate loans, also \$5,000.00 in chattel loans, making a total of \$25,000.00 in secured loans.

2—What Its Purpose Is

The purpose of the Security Loan & Investment Association is to buy and sell Real Estate and loan money to colored people and to sell them SHARES of the Association, so that they may share in its profits, which will teach them economy and to be thrifty and to save their money. The Association is to invest in Real Estate, make first and second mortgage loans and discount notes. The increased capital of \$40,000.00 was recently approved for the purpose of creating enough surplus to establish a Negro Bank in Kansas City. The colored people of Kansas City are in very much need of a bank of their own so that they can be able to obtain first and second mortgage loans from their own resources.

3—How It Loans Its Money

The Association will loan its money on first and second mortgages on Kansas City property; payments are made monthly. The Association will also make loans to furniture owners, people in business and to honest working men and women who have an approved reputation of paying their obligations when due and while they have not the financial standing to borrow from our local banks, we let them have it on their furniture; they pay it back in small weekly installments. Shareholders can borrow money at any time from the Association, with their share certificate as collateral.

4—Its Place of Business

The office of the Security Loan & Investment Association is at 1816 Vine Street, housed in our own \$20,000.00 building and is one of the finest offices among our people in the State of Missouri. The interior is equipped with everything necessary to constitute a real live business place.

5—Its Certificate Value

According to our judgment the certificates of the Association are more valuable than a Liberty Bond, because they will never be worth less than their par value; they will draw more dividends and increase in value each year as the business grows. The Association will loan 72% of its par value at any time.

6—How Its Stock Is Sold

The Security Loan & Investment Association is capitalized for \$50,000.00, divided into 1,000 shares, the shares are sold at \$50.00 per share cash, or \$10.00 down and \$5.00 per month until paid.

7—Who Its Officers Are

The officers of the Association are all high class business men of Kansas City, Mo., each standing for race enterprise and race uplift.

OFFICERS:

- H. L. KINSLER. President and Treasurer
- DR. D. MADISON MILLER. Vice-President
- W. G. MOSELY. Secretary
- C. H. CALLOWAY,
Chairman, Board of Directors
- JULIUS A. K. FICKLIN. Director
- T. B. WATKINS. Director
- C. A. FRANKLIN. Director

H. L. Kinsler, President and Treasurer, bonded by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore, Maryland, is a successful business man and for the past eight years has been actively engaged in real estate and loan business.

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DON'T WALK — RIDE!

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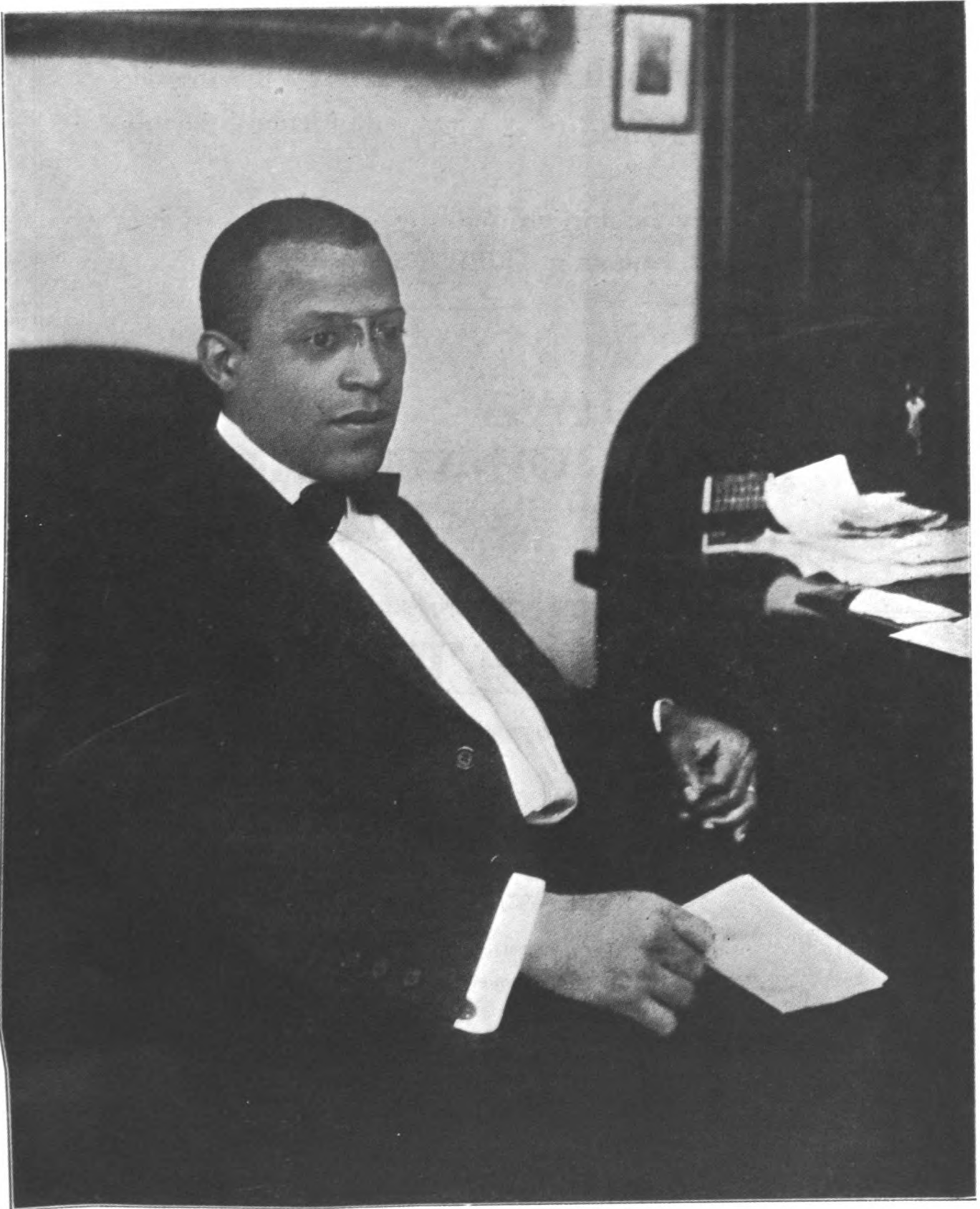
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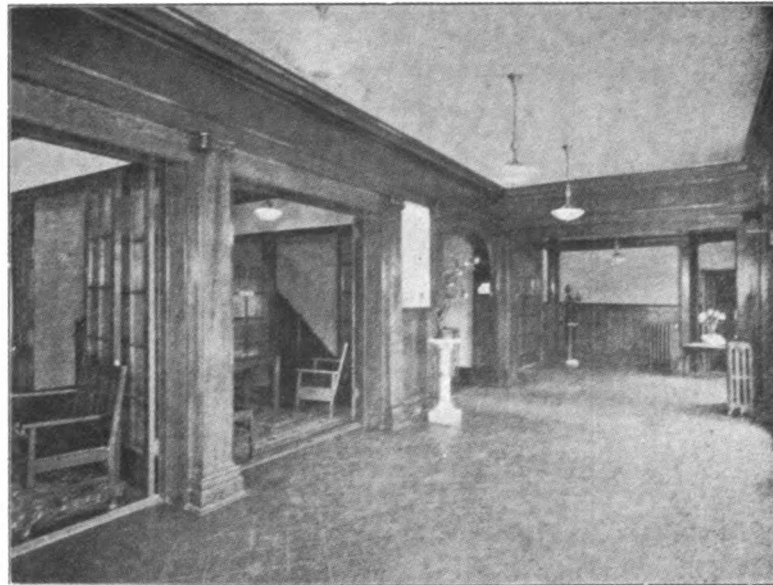


WALTER W. H. CASELLE



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MEMBER PHILADELPHIA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Funeral Director and Practical Embalmer

MAIN OFFICE:

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Greetings

TO my numerous patrons, friends and business associates, I heartily wish a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR. Those who know me and my business establishment can be fully confident that my services in the coming year will be characterized by that same reverence, integrity, intelligence and trustworthiness for which the name of WALTER W. H. CASSELLE has become noted in every section of this country where I am known. It can be depended upon that the firm of which I am the founder and head will continue to furnish the finest in materials, transportation and service that time and money can obtain. We strive, and will strive at all times, to save our patrons unnecessary expense, trouble and worry. In 1925, we shall practice the same frankness, confidence and geniality that our patrons and friends have been accustomed to in the past. May the year 1925 bring us all greater health, wealth and prosperity.

WALTER W. H. CASSELLE

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**1302 South
Thirty-fourth Street
2041 Master Street**

Headquarters

for

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brings beauty

NEARLY every man likes long hair better than he does bobbed hair. But that is because many people do not bring bobbed hair under proper control. Dr. Lee's bobbed hair, thoroughly controlled, is always beautiful. It is difficult to tell whether it is bobbed or just long with a hair net over it.

DR. E. S. Lee has answered the question of attractive hair with every preparation necessary for control of unruly hair. Write today for booklets and information. Start the New Year right. Start it by being more beautiful through the use of E. S. Lee preparations.



DR. LEE'S
bobbed hair
can be
beautiful

DR. E. S. LEE
1716 East 12th Street
Kansas City, Mo.

“The End of a Perfect Day” In Chicago

When the Sun Sets; when evening shadows fall; when dusk draws nigh; when twilight grows more dim; when busy men and women are swallowed up by the darkness of the night; when tired toilers and care laden souls yearn for joy and ecstasy and certain happiness—then is it that you should go to the

SUNSET CAFE

Salvation of the heart sick
Urn of a more abundant life
Nest of jolly good fellows
Spirit of Sunshine
Essence of ecstasy
Treasure of sure happiness

Charming, chirping singers and dancers
Amusement unsurpassed
Fine food and finished actors
Endless entertainment

We have spared no pains nor expense to make the Sunset Cafe the center of wholesome amusement in Chicago. We give our patrons an entirely new show every four weeks. Our revue comprises many STARS of such celebrated musical comedies as “Shuffle Along” and “Runnin’ Wild.” So true is this that the expression has become classic—“At the SUNSET the STARS come out.” Our versatile orchestra of Sammy Stewart is simply the colored edition of Paul Whiteman’s New York musical aggregation. It takes the rag out of ragtime, replacing it with lilting, lulling lyric and dulcet dreaminess. The social atmosphere of our place is clean and wholesome. Only decent dancing is permitted. In short, any man can bring his family—from mother to children—to the Sunset Cafe and feel sure that nothing objectionable can be found to criticize.

We therefore wish you a most Happy New Year! Begin it with a visit to the House of Happiness anytime after sunset. Let us help you to be happy.

LEO SALKIN, Manager

Sunset Amusement Corporation
35th and Calumet Avenues Chicago

Underwriters Mutual Life Insurance Company

RECORD FOR YEAR 1923

Total Income Since Organization	\$330,172.46
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries for the Year.....	33,101.16
Total Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries Since Organization	109,175.67
Increase in Business During the Year.....	115.49%
35,000 Satisfied Policyholders	

Officered and conducted entirely by people of the Colored Race



Underwriters Mutual Life Insurance Company

Chicago, Illinois

Mention THE MESSENGER

Showfolks

(Continued from page 16)

Quite apart from their professional appearances, the direct contacts incident to the pursuit of their calling affords the show folks an abundance of opportunities to create impressions that may be of consequence. In the necessary interviews with managers and agents, costumers and supply dealers, press representatives and transportation people, they oftentimes stimulate, perhaps without their own knowledge, a curiosity that is responsible for a discussion of the colored people elsewhere.

In clubs, homes, trade centres, etc., it is quite within the range of possibility that, because of these contacts, the other persons may become moulders of a far-reaching sentiment that has been influenced in this indirect manner.

It so happens that the Mayor of a suburban town is actively engaged in a theatrical business in New York. This business brought him into contact with Flornoy Miller. While at none of their conferences were either the K.K.K. or the Negro discussed, yet since he held Mr. Miller in so high esteem, and since Mr. Miller was the source of his only acquaintanceship with our group, the "Hooded Order" and its propaganda was entirely neutralized in the community over which he sits as Mayor.

The showfolks contribute more in money and services to philanthropies than do any other craft group of like numerical strength. It is sad that they are so seldom thought of by some, except when wanted for such services. Very often performers have been asked to contribute their talents, their signed petitions or their money to the causes of organizations that at other times have actually inveighed against the calling of those to whom they appealed.

As a rule, they smile and yield, both the "name acts" and the "small fry," for they are a generous lot who know the sting of privation. It is difficult to differentiate between the big and little ones in the show world; for in no profession do conditions change so quickly as in the amusement world. The name in small type on the programs of one day may be in "The lights" on the next—or the reverse.

The performers' value to the press is indeed great. They are a constant source of news, sometimes spicy. They are often the subjects of the pictures with which what would otherwise be monotonous pages are relieved. They are ardent collectors of clippings. For this they must purchase publications. The clippings may be reviews, notes concerning themselves, or material and suggestions for their work. They are, with few exceptions, direct advertisers; and the whole show business is one that exists almost entirely upon the extensive purchase of printers' ink in news print or upon posters.

Theatrical people are human, with no more faults and with as many virtues as has the rest of humanity. They have homes, folks who love them, and whom they love. They support churches, belong to fraternities and rear families, even as you and I.

They have considerable courage and, as a rule, hide their heartaches and disappointments behind the mask of professional duty and habit. Friends and the world at large are seldom burdened with the woes of the showfolks. There's a lesson in that trait for many others.

The travel experiences, observations, contacts and enforced study that is their lot makes the show man and woman interesting and well-informed people. Not

everyone, however, is able to penetrate the paradoxical reticence that dominates their relations with the lay-folks. They are, as a rule, inclined to talk little, except when discussing their particular line of work.

"The Deacons" is the name of a comparatively new unit of Freemasonry that was organized for the express purpose of closing the gap between the performer and the public. It has been cordially welcomed by both groups in many cities.

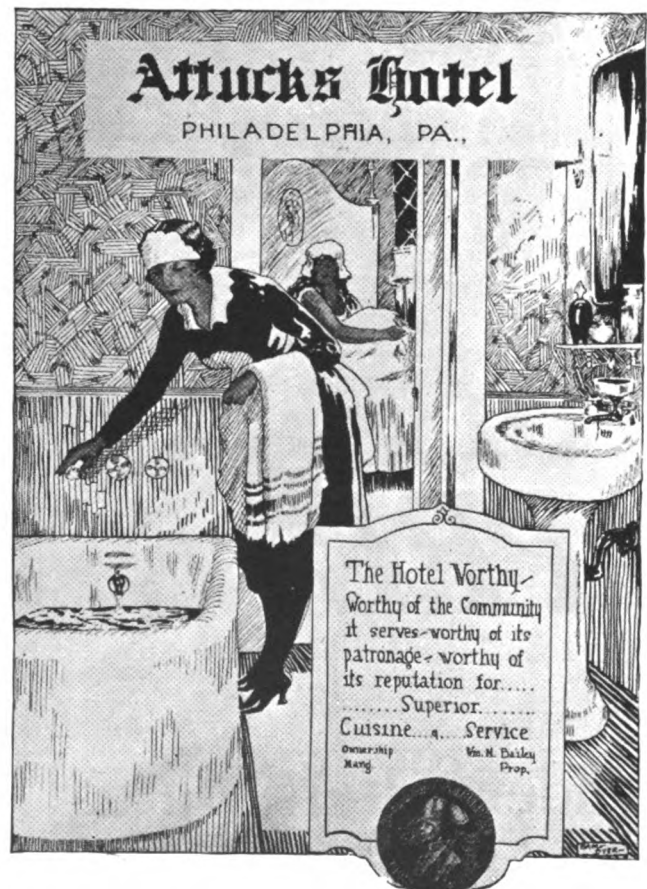
If you would add some useful chapters to your store of information, meet the next showman with an air of cordiality and the atmosphere of open mindedness, and you will have laid the foundation for some interesting and pleasant surprises.

He or she may belong to your church or lodge, may have a child in the same school your's attends, may be of your college frat., may be well acquainted with your friend in another community, or may be a native of "that old home town."

Take it from one who has been one of them; one who is in constant contact with the profession; one who knows three thousand Negro disciples of Thespis and as many of other races; who has met more than five thousand musicians, and as many in associated lines; one whose office has tabulated the personal history and whereabouts of more than a hundred thousand showfolks; and one who has indexed the whole fabric, in so far as the Negro is concerned, that there is a big outstanding fact concerning them.

The stage and its people are an important element in the progress of the whole race.

THE MESSENGER regularly carries reviews and criticisms of contemporary dramatic productions. This is the only department of its kind in Negro journalism, and is as good as any in America. Why not subscribe—and get it regularly at your home?



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is universally recognized as the most up-to-date eating service. The **silver** tongued orator is the most pleasing speaker. The stylish gold today is white gold, or **silver** gold. You want your clouds to have **Silver** linings.

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Call a **Silver Cab**
Use a **Silver Driver**
Get real **Silver Service**

Along Life's Way

THE history of the Silver Cab Company will be an interesting feature in this publication at this time. This company was in operation nineteen days after organization with \$57,000.00 worth of equipment, and a garage with well-appointed office for the management costing \$21,000.00. Organized during the month of February, 1924, it has done more than \$125,000.00 worth of cash business, *with less than \$50.00 as due and unpaid.*

It is the only Negro Taxicab Company in the world that owns its own office building and garage covering a frontage of 60 ft. x 140 ft. deep. It employs 95 people with a weekly payroll of more than \$1,500.00. Less than one year old, its assets amount to more than \$100,000.00, with a minimum amount of liability against it. This has been done out of the receipts of the business, as less than \$12,000.00 of its \$100,-

000.00 stock has been sold. It is the first concern of its kind to qualify its securities under the laws of Illinois.

The public's choice among the numerous taxicabs of Chicago was demonstrated by a vote. The Silver Cab was the winner of a \$500.00 gold-filled loving cup at the 8th Regiment Armory.

It is the purpose of this organization to build until it has reached a corporation of \$1,000,000.00. Our specific aim is to give the public unequaled service and to make our race see that any business can be handled so as to pay its investors a handsome sum in the form of dividends.

We invite criticism and inspection. The readers of this magazine will find the Silver Cab giving service of a first-class kind. When in Chicago, call Yards 7400 for Silver Cab.

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(INCORPORATED)

3830-34 Indiana Avenue, Chicago



FRED D. MORRIS
President



M. PROFFITT, JR.
Secretary-Treasurer



A THOUGHT *for '25*

Resolve to Improve Your Beauty

HERE'S another year, 365 golden days in which to improve your beauty, in which to look your best. No better New Year resolution could be made than that you'll stop experimenting with your hair and skin. Time will help increase your beauty if you'll correct your sluggish, dry, unhealthy scalp—your sallow, dull, unsightly skin. Accept our thought for '25, be careful, cautious, resolve to improve your looks by using only

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